

LEADING
No. 11
SUMMER
ISSUE

BACK THE 5TH WAR LOAN!



Leading COMICS

10¢

WHAT SIZE
DO YOU WEAR?
BEWARE OF
"The **HARD-LUCK**
HAT!"



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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN and FLASH COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

FOR SPINE-TINGLING ACTION...



OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...



LOOK FOR THIS SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL!



Yes, that Superman D-C Symbol appears on the cover of twenty-one of the very best comics published...ranging all the way from the action-packed adventures of Superman, Batman and other thrilling heroes

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Chapter 1

THE FEARS AND HOPES OF A HOST OF HUMAN BEINGS WERE TO BE HARBORED BENEATH A FORLORN FRAGMENT OF FABRIC AND FELT -- IN OTHER WORDS, A HAT! CRIME SCHEMES WERE TO FLOURISH IN THE SHELTER OF ITS BATTERED CROWN, AND THE THOUGHTS IN THE EYES OF VARIOUS AND SUNDRY EVIL DOERS WERE TO BE SHADOWED BY ITS BRIM! BUT FORTUNATELY, ALL THIS WAS NOT TO HAPPEN WITHOUT THE VALIANT INTERVENTION OF THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY, FOR NONE BUT THE BRAVE AND BRIGHT COULD HOPE TO COPE WITH THE SEVERAL SCOUNDRELS WHO WERE FATED, EACH IN HIS TURN, TO PUT ON...

"THE HARD LUCK HAT!"



NIGHT HAS FALLEN... AND THE LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD SETS FORTH TO SURVEY HIS DOMAIN!

OKAY, CHUM, GET STARTED... HANDSOME HARRY AINT GOT ALL NIGHT TO WASTE!

YES, SHIFTY, I HAVE A BUSY EVENING AHEAD OF ME!



FIRST STOP ...

DIS IS A SORE, BOSS! EVERY WEEK WE GOTTA PICK UP OUR TAKE FROM TWO-SPOT'S GAMBLIN' JERNT! DA GUY OUGHTTA DELIVER DA DOUGH!

WE WOULDN'T GET ANY EXERCISE THEN, CHUMP!

THE BLUE CHIP

AND AS THE EVENING WEARS ON...

HERE YARE, CHIEF! YOUR SHARE OF DA TAKE FROM DA WEEK'S BOIGLARIES!

HMM, NOT MUCH OF A HAUL THESE PAST FEW MONTHS... BETTER STEP ON IT, SAM, OR YOU'LL BE OUT OF MY ORGANIZATION!

BOSS, YOU SURE KNOW HOW TA PEP 'EM UP... BUT ALL DA SAME, DA BOYS AIN'T BEEN DOIN' SO BAD!

YES, BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T FEEL SATISFIED! ALL EVENING, I'VE HAD AN UNEASY FEELING, AS IF SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT! IF I COULD ONLY PUT MY FINGER ON IT.

PERHAPS HARRY'S UNEASY FEELING IS A PREMONITION OF THINGS TO COME! BUT NOTHING UNPLEASANT IS HAPPENING SO FAR...

HELLO, GIRLS! DIDN'T WE MEET AT THE JIVE & JAM BALLROOM!

HANDSOME HARRY! OF COURSE!

WE WERE INTRODUCED BY... HUH, WHAT'S THIS?

THIS ISN'T MY LUCKY HAT... THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S WRONG! MINE MUST STILL BE AT MY APARTMENT!

IT'S BULL'S FAULT, BOSS! YA ASK DA SAP FER YER HAT, AN' HE GIVES YA DA FOIST ONE HE SEES! BUT IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE... DIS ONE AIN'T SO BAD...

IT'S NOT HOW THIS ONE LOOKS... I JUST WON'T GO ANYPLACE WITHOUT MY LUCKY HAT! SORRY, GIRLS... SEE YOU LATER... RIGHT NOW I HAVE TO GO BACK TO GET IT!

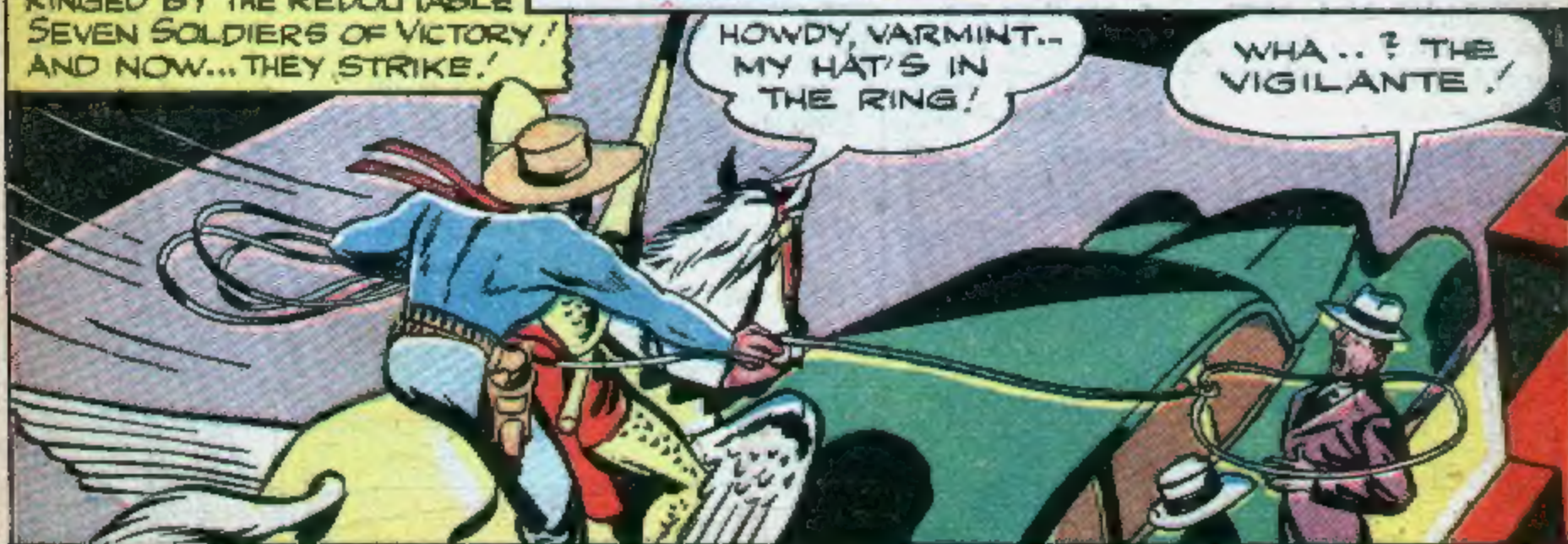
AND SO, LATER...

HERE IT IS, HARRY... BUT I STILL THINK IT WAS A WASTE OF TIME TA COME BACK FER IT!

NOT TO ME, IT WASN'T. HAND IT OVER!



BUT THE UNDERWORLD LEADER IS COMPLETELY UNAWARE THAT HE'S RINGED BY THE REDOUTABLE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY! AND NOW... THEY STRIKE!



HOWDY, VARMINT... MY HAT'S IN THE RING!

WHA...? THE VIGILANTE!

FORGET NOT THE SHINING KNIGHT, ROGUE!

EEHHH... THEY'RE GANGIN' UP ON US!

BOP!



HOW'S FOR A NICE COSY CELL, CHUM?

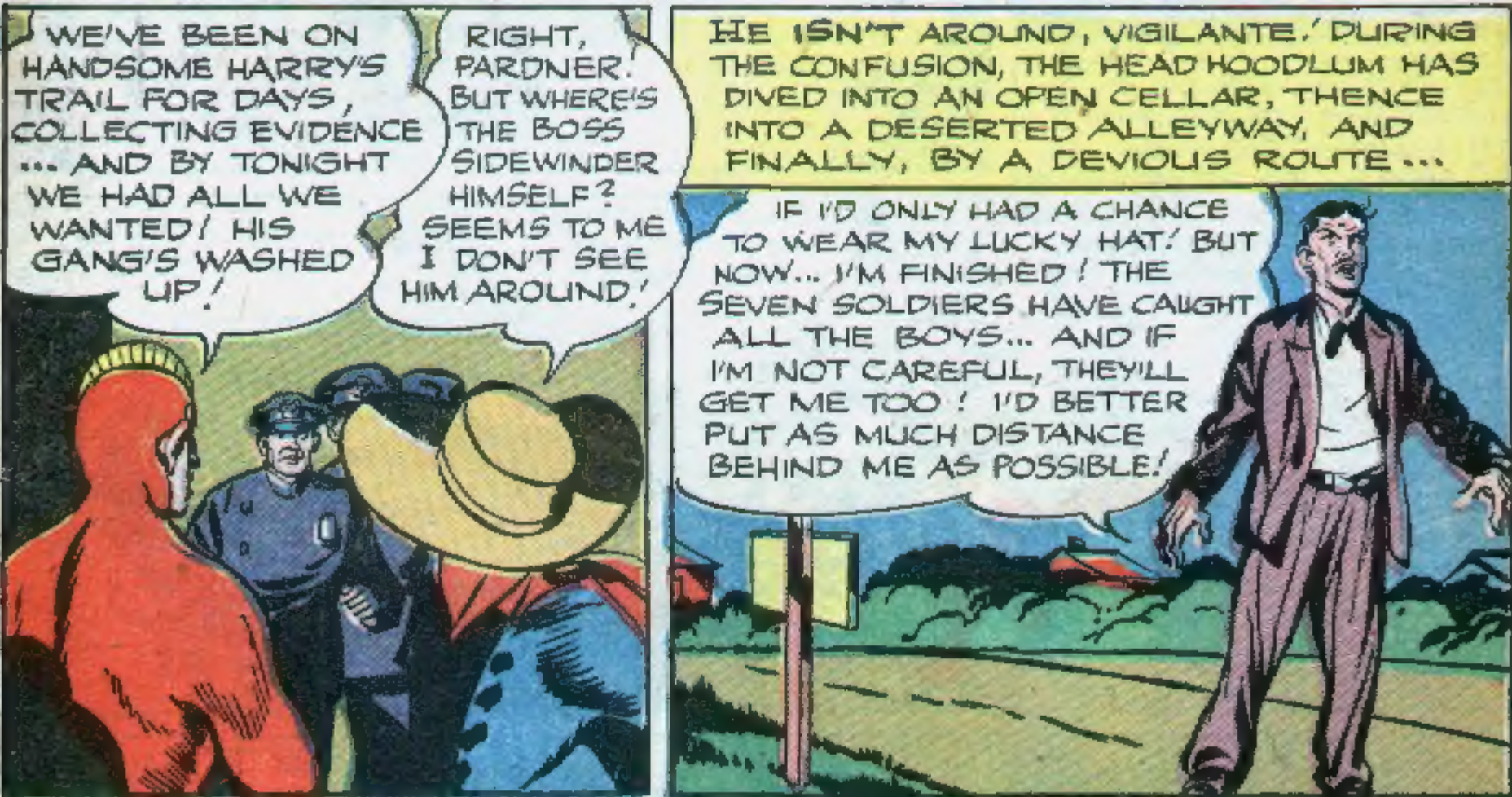
NO LAWYER WILL GET YOU OFF THIS PUNCH, PAL!



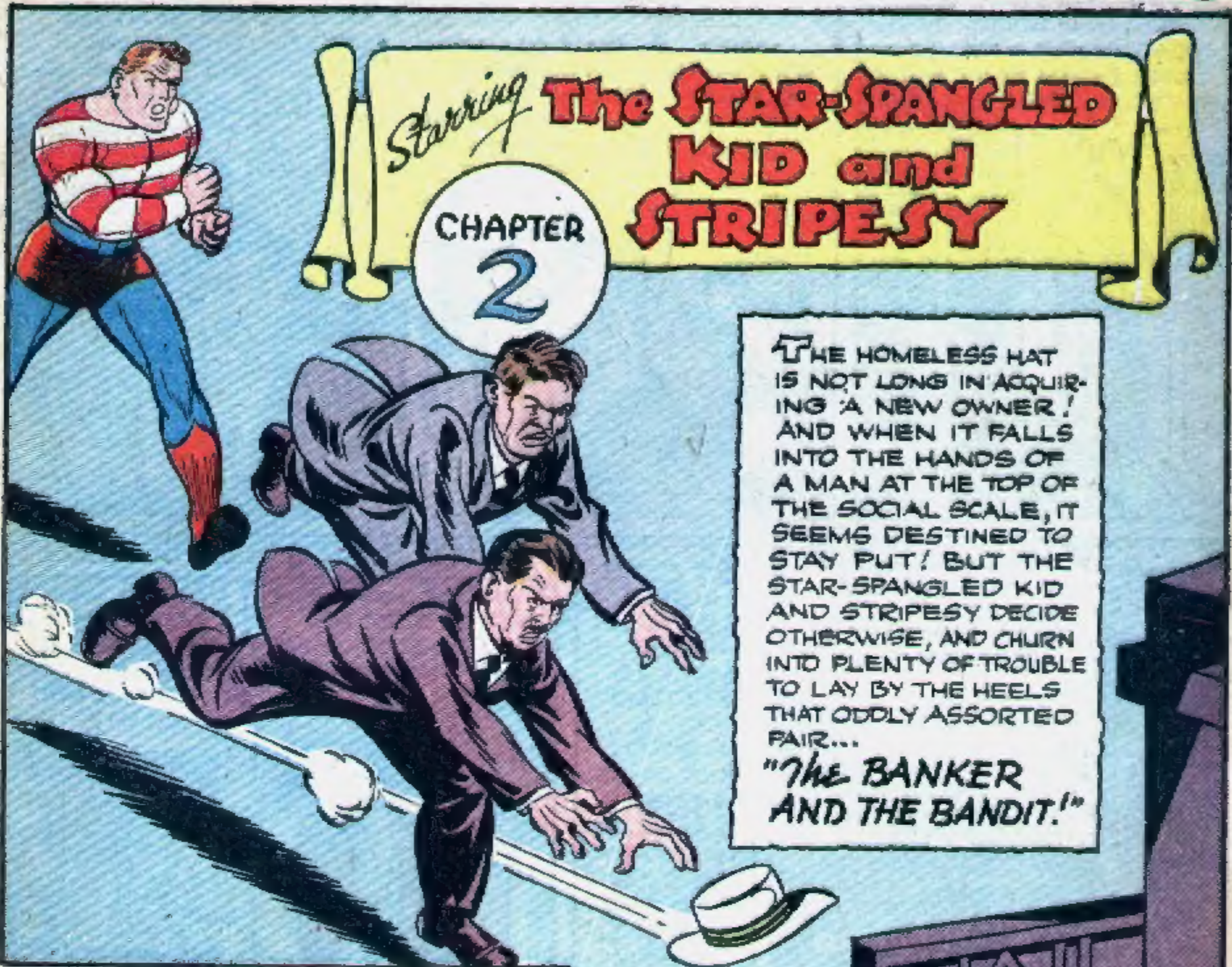
SAVE YOUR WIND, MUGG... THERE'S NO ESCAPE FOR YOU!

THIS IS ONE WAY STREET... YOU GO WRONG WAY!





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Starring

The STAR-SPANGLED KID and STRIPESY

CHAPTER

2

THE HOMELESS HAT IS NOT LONG IN ACQUIRING A NEW OWNER! AND WHEN IT FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF A MAN AT THE TOP OF THE SOCIAL SCALE, IT SEEMS DESTINED TO STAY PUT! BUT THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY DECIDE OTHERWISE, AND CHURN INTO PLENTY OF TROUBLE TO LAY BY THE HEELS THAT ODDLY ASSORTED FAIR...

"THE BANKER AND THE BANDIT!"

A GUST OF WIND DIES AWAY... AND A WANDERER COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP!

HUH...? SOMEBODY MUST HAVE LOST HIS HAT! LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY GOOD ONE, TOO!

MEN'S HATS

IT'S BETTER THAN ANYTHING I'VE GOT IN STOCK!

I SUPPOSE THIS PLACE WILL DO! MY GOOD MAN, I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME OF YOUR HATS!





YES, SIR - COME RIGHT IN, SIR - I'M SURE I CAN SUIT YOU, SIR!



THERE! VERY YOUTHFUL-LOOKING! VERY BE-COMING!

MY GOOD FELLOW, I'M J. BILLINGTON BIKER, THE BANKER... I SHOULDN'T DREAM OF APPEARING IN ANYTHING SO EXTREME!



AND SO, DOWN FROM THE SHELVES COMES AN ENDLESS TRAIL OF HATS! AND WEARY MOMENTS LATER...

JUST AS BAD AS THE OTHERS! IT SEEMS THAT I'LL HAVE TO GO ELSE-WHERE!

JUST A MOMENT, SIR... I THINK I'VE GOT JUST THE THING! (IF ONLY THE SIZE IS RIGHT!)



HOW'S THIS?

SPLENDID... JUST WHAT I WANT! WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOW ME THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

SO ONCE MORE HANDSOME HARRY'S HAT IS FITTED TO A HEAD! AND ONCE MORE, LUCK... WHETHER GOOD OR BAD WE SHALL SOON KNOW... GOES WITH IT!



LATER, THAT SAME DAY...

MR., ER, KING-PIN KONG, SIR! HE SAID HE HAD AN APPOINTMENT!

WHA...? WHY, I NEVER - OH, YES, COME TO THINK OF IT! SIT DOWN, MR. KING!



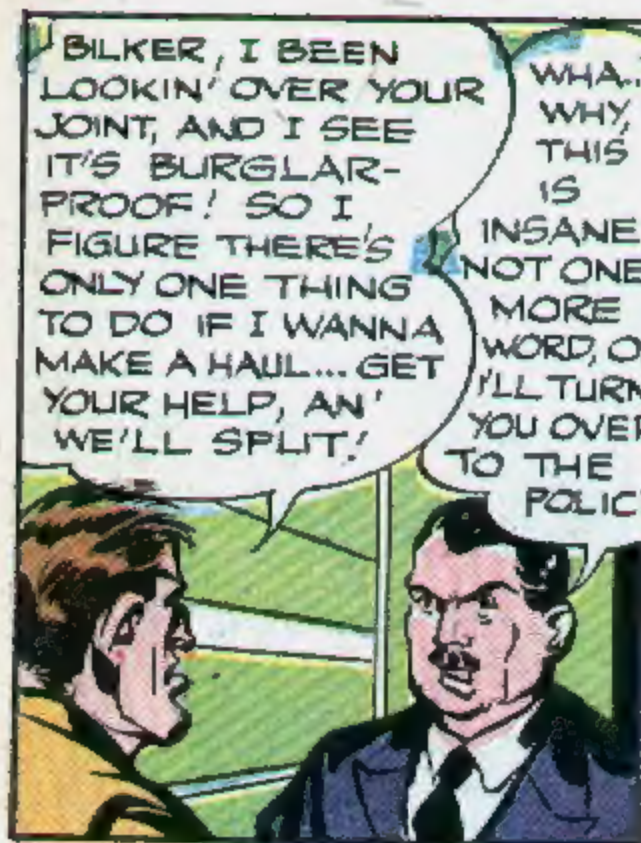
ER, ARE YOU HERE FOR A LOAN, KONG? I'M AFRAID I—

STOP GUESSIN', PAL, YOU'RE ALL WRONG! THE BUSINESS I WANNA TALK ABOUT AIN'T ABOUT MONEY THAT'S GONNA BE PAID BACK!



CHUM, YOU BEEN OVER TA MY ROULETTE JOINT, PLAYIN' PLENTY HEAVY... AN' DOIN' PLENTY OF LOSIN'! WHAT D'YA THINK THE BANK DIRECTORS WOULD SAY IF THEY KNEW ABOUT IT?

SHHH... QUIET, KONG!



BILKER, I BEEN LOOKIN' OVER YOUR JOINT, AND I SEE IT'S BURGLAR-PROOF! SO I FIGURE THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO IF I WANNA MAKE A HAUL... GET YOUR HELP, AN' WE'LL SPLIT!

WHA..? WHY, THIS IS INSANE! NOT ONE MORE WORD, OR I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!



HAW, HAW! SO YOU WANT ME TO TELL ABOUT YOUR LOSIN' THAT DOUGH, DO YOU?

N-NO.. I DON'T MEAN THAT!



TWO DAYS LATER WE FIND THE FINANCIAR PACING RESTLESSLY THROUGH THE GREAT EDIFICE THAT HOUSES HIS BANK?

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. BILKER!

GOOD AFTERNOON! (TEN MORE MINUTES... AND KONG'S MEN WILL STAGE THAT ROBBERY WE PLANNED TOGETHER!)



BUT KONG DOESN'T REALIZE THAT I'M THE ONE WHO WILL PROFIT MOST! HE'LL STEAL \$100,000 IN CASH... BUT I'VE ALREADY REMOVED ANOTHER \$100,000 MYSELF! THE POLICE WILL THINK HE STOLE THE ENTIRE AMOUNT!

AS THE SECONDS TICK TENSELY BY...

OH, MR. BILKER, I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU! THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO ASK OF YOU!

HUH..? WHY, WHAT IS IT, MR. PEMBERTON?



THIS IS MY SON, SYLVESTER! I WAS THINKING HE MIGHT SECURE A POSITION IN YOUR BANK!

I MUST WARN YOU, MR. BILKER... I DESPISE WORK!

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU, MR. PEMBERTON... IF YOU'LL JUST WAIT IN MY OFFICE A MOMENT...

THEY WOULD COME AT A TIME LIKE THIS! BUT I CAN'T INSULT MR. PEMBERTON... HE'S TOO IMPORTANT A DEPOSITOR!

SO I'LL JUST STEP OUT OF THE WAY FOR A FEW MOMENTS... THERE'S GOING TO BE SHOOTING, AND I DON'T WANT TO BE HIT BY ANY STRAY BULLETS! IT'LL BE SIMPLER IF I'M OUT WHILE THE ROBBERY IS ACTUALLY COMMITTED!

A THOUGHT BRED OF PANIC, MR. BILKER... AND IT WILL LEAD TO FATEFUL DEVELOPMENTS! FOR AS THE FATHER AND SON ARE LEFT ALONE...

HE ASKED US TO WAIT FOR JUST A MINUTE... YET HE TOOK HIS HAT! HE MUST BE LEAVING THE BANK!



AND AS SYLVESTER PONDER'S THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MISSING HAT...

BANG
RAT-TAT-TAT...

WHA...? WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE?

SHOOTING GOING ON... THE STAR-SPANGLED KID HAD BETTER GET GOING!



I'D BETTER FIND A SAFE PLACE!

DON'T BE SUCH A COWARD, SYLVESTER! NOBODY WILL HURT YOU... UNLOCK THAT DOOR!

CLICK!



SECONDS LATER, AN EMBATTLED STAR-SPANGLED KID PLUNGES INTO THE CONFLICT...

HELLO, CHUM... WAITING TO DRAW MY INTEREST?

THE STAR-SPANGLED KID...
YYIIII!



WHILE THROUGH THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE BANK, SUMMONED BY THE SOUND OF FIGHTING, RACES CHAUFFEUR PAT DUSAN, TRANSFORMED INTO A FIRE-BREATHING STRIPESY!

SAY "HELLO" TO SANTA CLAUS FOR ME, RAT!

CHRISTMAS CLUB



THIS IS THE OLD SUBWAY-GUARD PLAY, CHUMS! BUT THE RIDE'S FREE!

EEEEHHH! GIMME ROOM TA BREATHE!

ALSO KNOWN AS THE SARDINE'S DELIGHT! HOPE YOU LIKE IT!

BUT AS A DESPERATE CRIMINAL OPENS UP FULL BLAST WITH A LEAD-SPLATTERING WEAPON...

HIT THE FLOOR, STRIPESY... HE'S PLAYING FOR KEEPS!

SO I BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED, HUM?



RAT-TAT-TAT



MOMENTS LATER...

THE BOSS THUS GOT AWAY...BUT HE LEFT MOST OF HIS MEN BEHIND AND HE DIDNT GET THE LOOT.

YEAH, THIS WAS ONE CRIME THAT WAS A FLOP

THANKS TO YOU AND THE STAR-SPANGLED KID.

BUT AS AN ANXIOUS TELLER COUNTS THE RECOVERED CASH...

GENTLEMEN, A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED... THE THIEVES MANAGED TO STEAL HALF THE MONEY WE HAD ON HAND

HUH...? THEY DIDNT GET AWAY WITH NO DOUGH... IT'S ALL HERE. YOU MUSTA MADE A MISTAKE.

WAIT A MINUTE, STRIPESY... PERHAPS IT ISNT A MISTAKE. I'M JUST REMEMBERING SOMETHING I FORGOT IN THE EXCITEMENT.

BILKER WAS ANXIOUS TO GET AWAY FROM THE BANK, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS SUPPOSED TO TALK TO MY...TO MR. PEMBERTON AND SYLVESTER

WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WENT

HE KNEW SOME-THING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN

WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE HE WENT TO HIS HOME INTO THE STAR-ROCKET RACER, STRIPESY... WE'D BETTER PAY HIM A VISIT!

AND MOMENTS LATER, THE BILKER RESIDENCE RECEIVES UNEXPECTED GUESTS!

FIFTY-SIX THOUSAND, FIFTY-SEVEN... HUHH, WHAT'S THIS?

THEY WOULDN'T WAIT TO BE ANNOUNCED, SIR.

WE ANNOUNCE OURSELVES, CHUM... DONT WE, KID?

YES, WE MAKE IT A HABIT, STRIPESY' BUT YOU DONT HAVE TO DO ANY ANNOUNCING, MR. BILKER... THAT MONEY TALKS FOR YOU'

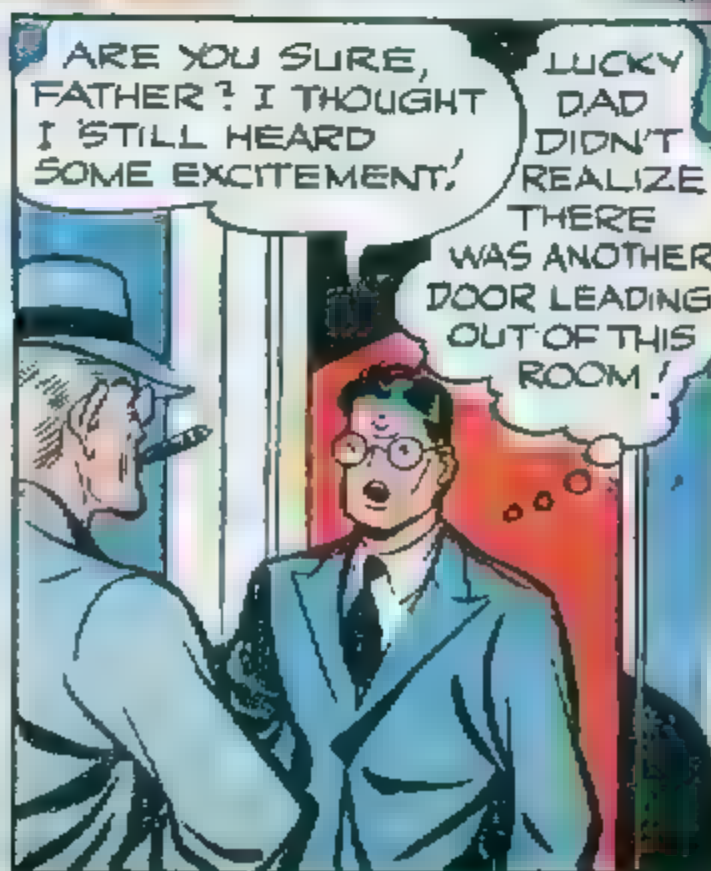
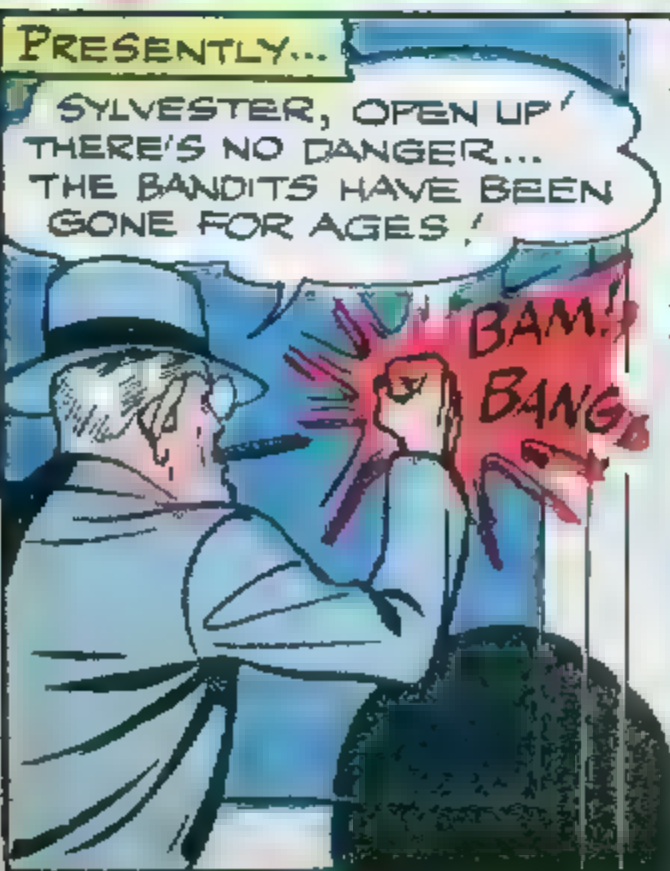
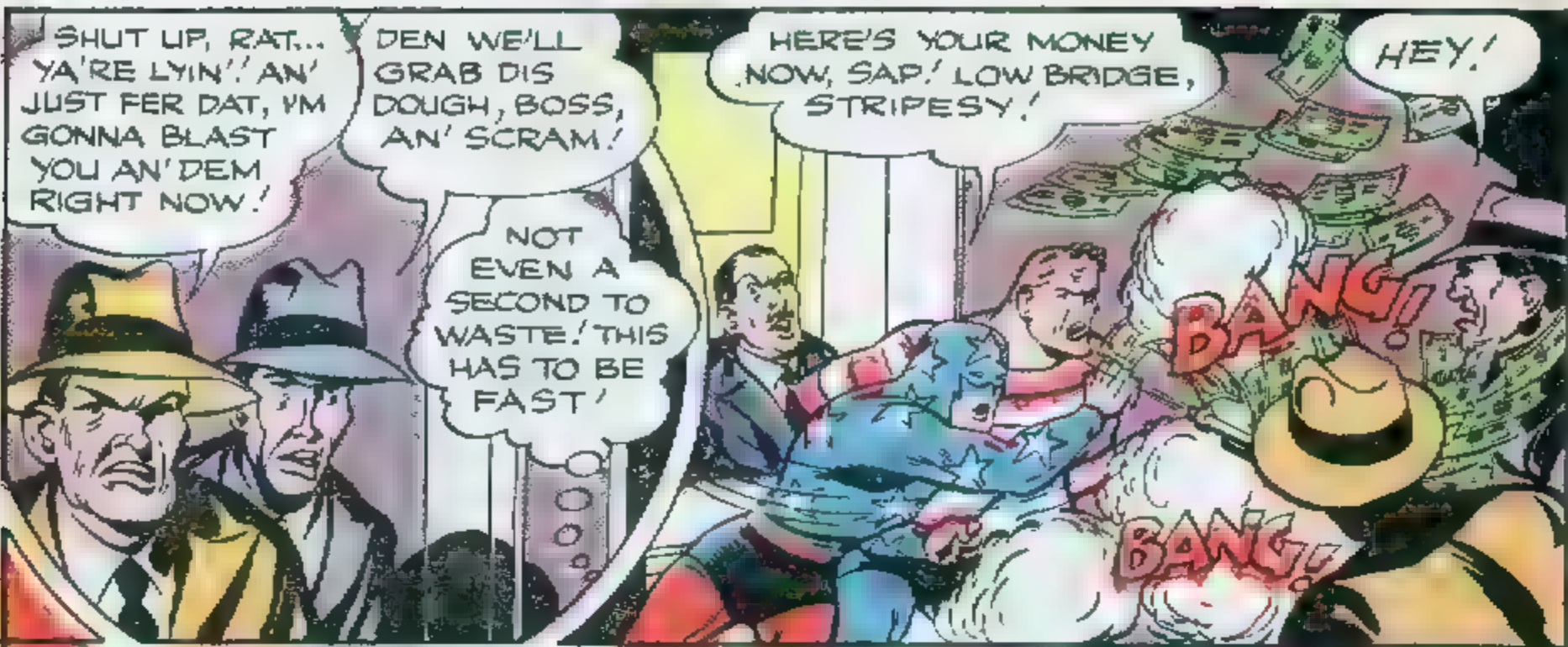
AND IT CALLS YOU A CROOK!

Y-YOU D-DONT UNDERSTAND, GENTLEMEN, I HAD THIS MONEY BROUGHT HOME T-TO...T-TO...

YEAH? WHAT WAS THE REASON? IT BETTER BE GOOD, YA DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT!

YA FIX TA ROB DA JERNT, AN' DEN SIC DA STAR-SPANGLED KID AN' STRIPESY ON ME' AN' DEN YA EVEN TRY TA DOUBLE-CROSS DEM.

N-NO, KONG, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM I SWEAR...



EXIT FROM THE PICTURE MR. J. BILLINGTON BILKER AND MR. KONG! BUT WHAT OF THE HAT WHOSE SMALL BUT SIGNIFICANT ROLE HELPED CAUSE THEIR DOWNFALL? ITS CAREER HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN ... AS YOU WILL SEE IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES!



"Joe loses his grip every time he forgets his Wheaties."

IT'S REALLY NO JOKE. DAREDEVIL AERIAL PERFORMERS...LIKE ALL REAL ATHLETES...KNOW THE IMPORTANCE OF STAYING IN TOP PHYSICAL CONDITION. THEY KNOW IT HELPS TO EAT RIGHT...STARTING WITH BREAKFAST. AND MANY OF THE ATHLETIC GREATS HAVE BUILT THEIR FIRST IMPORTANT MEAL AROUND MAN-SIZED BOWLS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES,

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

GOOD NOURISHMENT?
POSITIVELY...ALL THE WIDELY-KNOWN ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT OF CHOICE WHOLE WHEAT.



A PRODUCT OF
GENERAL MILLS, INC.

GOOD FLAVOR? ABSOLUTELY... WHEATIES "SECOND-HELPING" FLAVOR WINS MANY A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

HELP YOURSELF TO GOOD NOURISHMENT, AND GOOD FLAVOR... AND GOOD FUN. HELP YOURSELF TO WHEATIES. YOU'LL FIND THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" IS MIGHTY GOOD EATING... MORNING, NOON, OR NIGHT.

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT...STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC. DEPT. 683, MINNEAPOLIS, 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH FRUIT AND MILK

Wheaties and 'Breakfast of Champions' are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

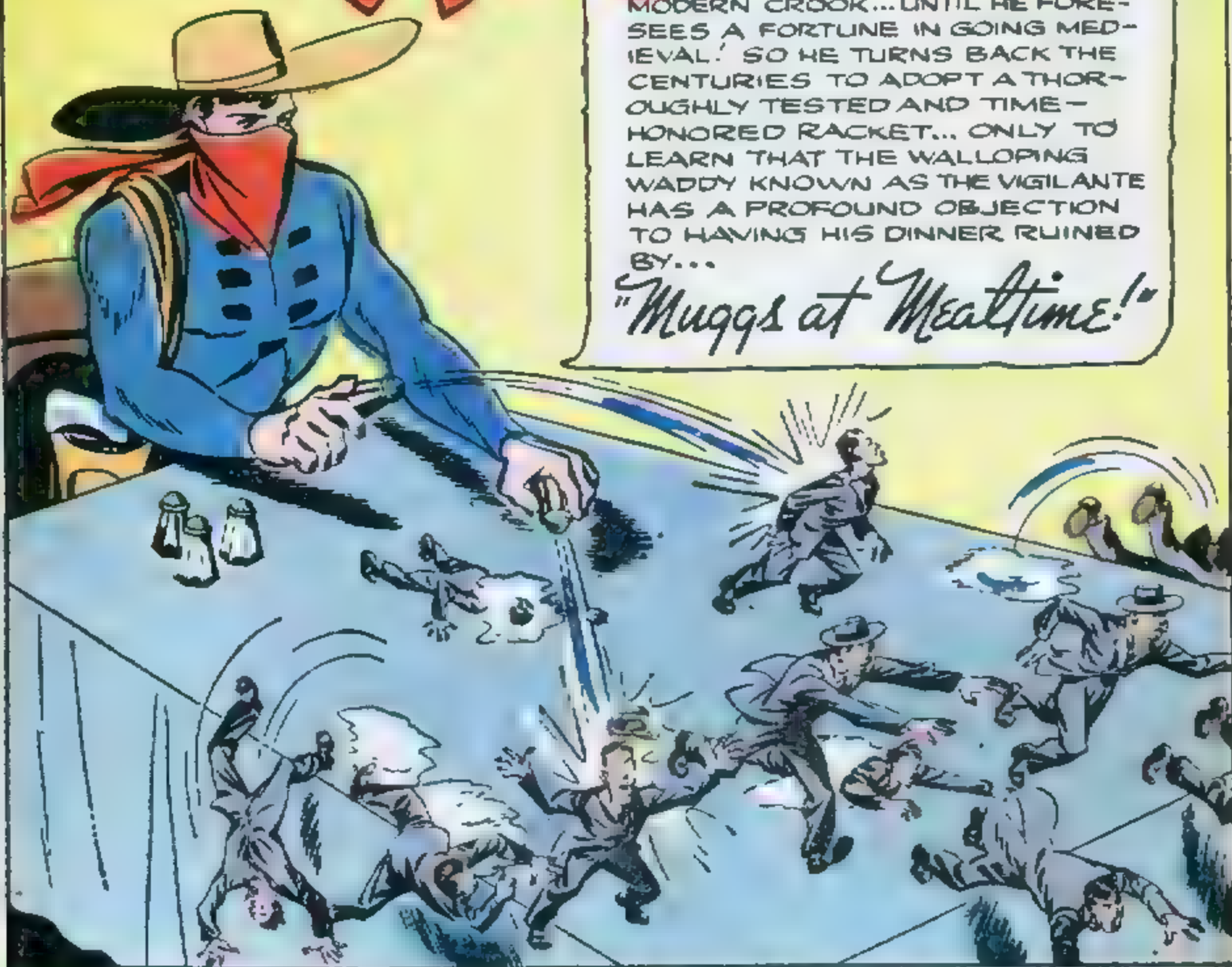


CHAPTER 3

Starring The
VIGILANTE

GAS-PIPE GROGAN IS A STRICTLY MODERN CROOK...UNTIL HE FORE-SEES A FORTUNE IN GOING MED-IEVAL! SO HE TURNS BACK THE CENTURIES TO ADOPT A THOR-OUGHLY TESTED AND TIME-HONORED RACKET... ONLY TO LEARN THAT THE WALLOPING WADDY KNOWN AS THE VIGILANTE HAS A PROFOUND OBJECTION TO HAVING HIS DINNER RUINED BY...

"Muggs at Mealtime!"



A FINE OLD MANSION FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF A NEW OWNER...GAS-PIPE GROGAN!

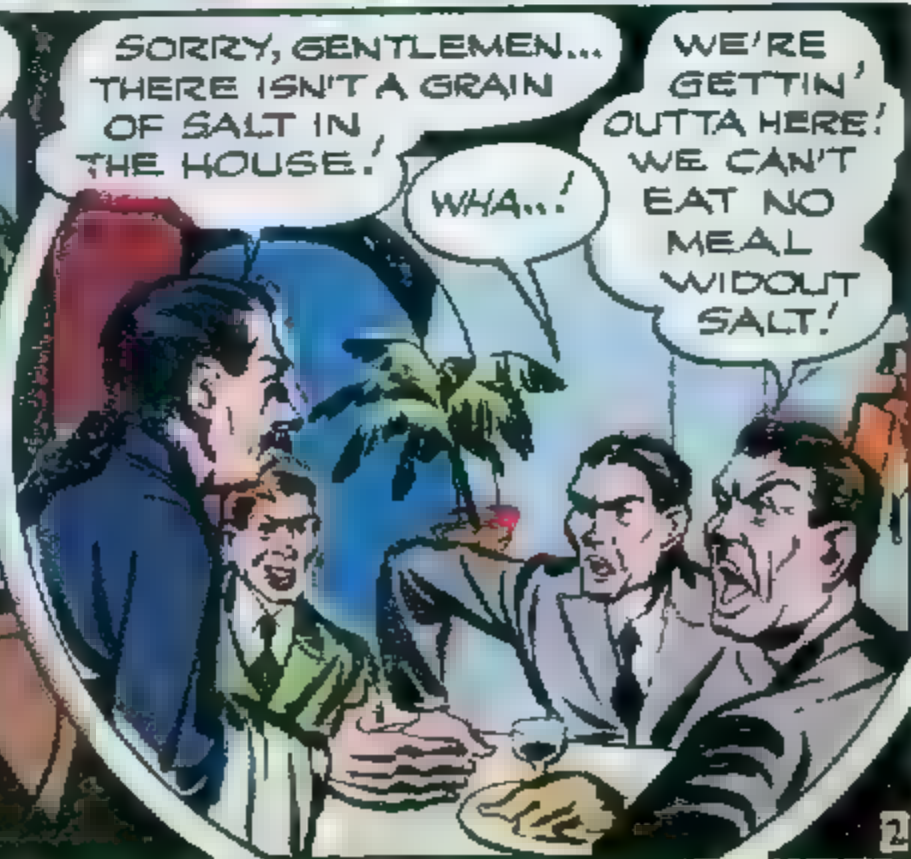
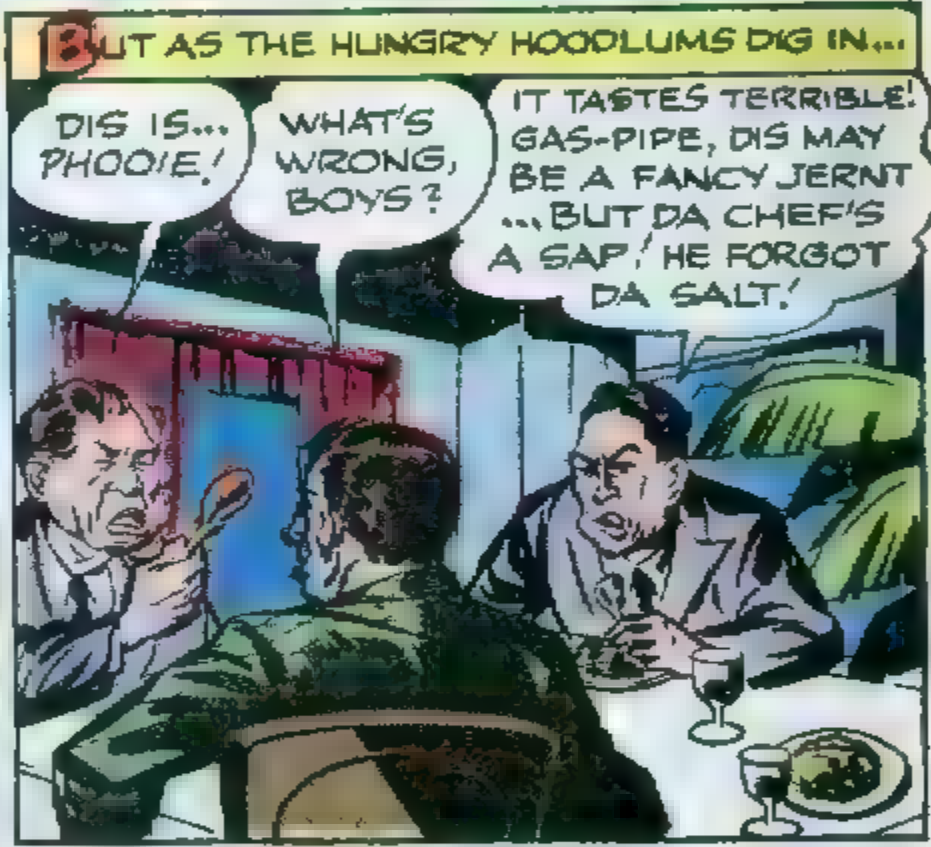
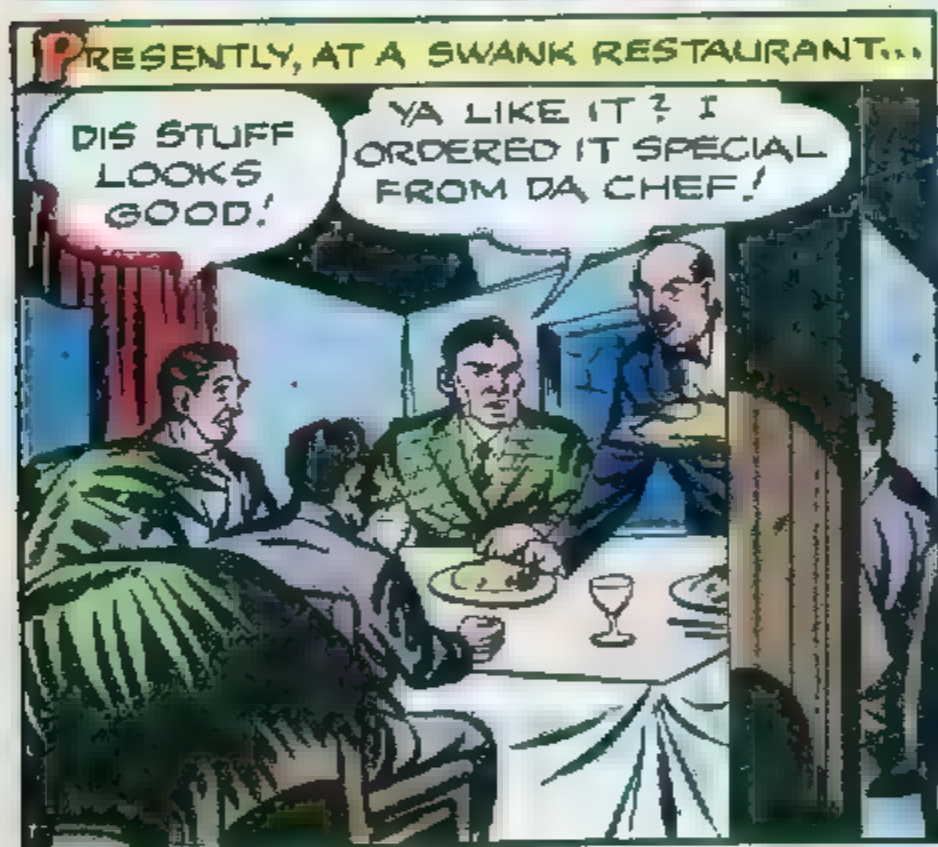
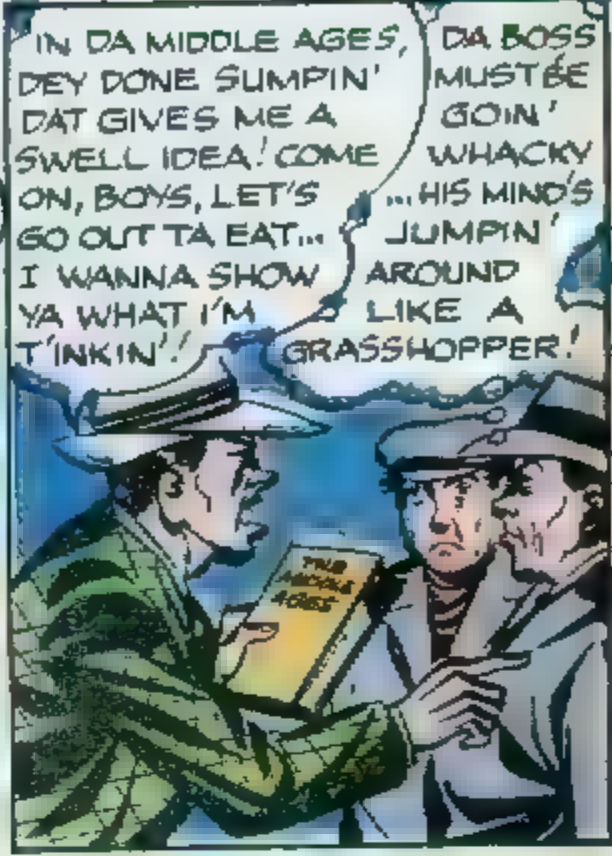
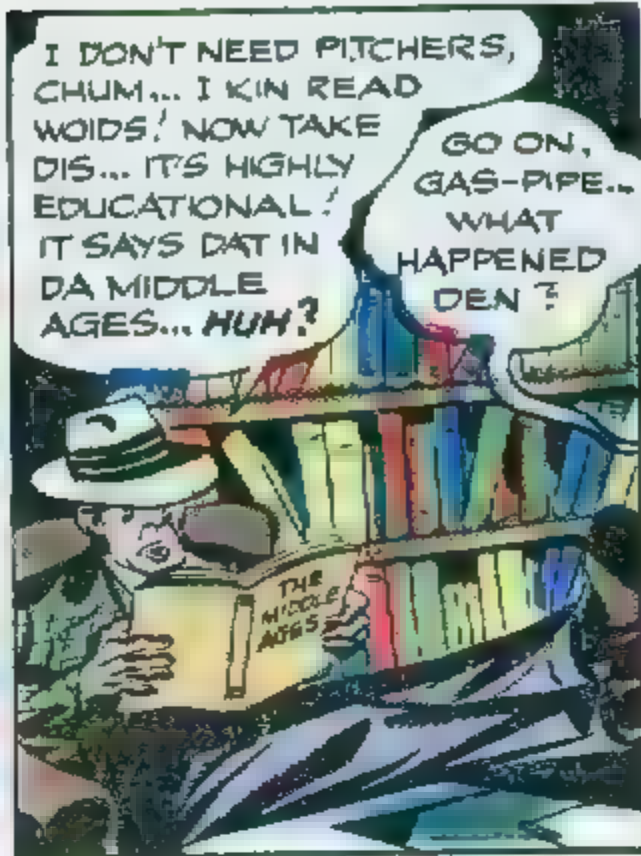
GEE, GAS-PIPE, TA T'INK DIS ONCE USED TA BELONG TO J. BILLINGTON BILKER.. AN' NOW IT'S ALL YOURS

YEAH, DEY SOLD IT AT AUCTION ON ACCOUNTA BILKER WAS SENT TO JAIL... THE CROOK!



LOOK! A GOOD HAT... AN' IT BELONGS TA ME ALONG WID EVERYTING ELSE IN DIS HOUSE!





HOLD IT, BOYS... I FIXED IT LIKE D'S MESELF TO MAKE YA UNDERSTAND MY IDEA! A MEAL WIDOUT SALT AIN'T GOT NO TASTE... AN' IN DA MIDDLE AGES DEY USED TA TAX SALT! GET IT...?

MAYBE I'M DUMB, GAS-PIPE, BUT...

YOU ARE DUMB, SAP! EVERY RESTAURANT IN TOWN EITHER BUYS DA STUFF FROM US AN' PAYS A TAX, OR DEY DON'T GET IT AT ALL! IF DEY DON'T BUY IT, DEY LOSE ALL DEIR CUSTOMERS! GET IT NOW!

YES, GAS-PIPE, THEY GET IT NOW... AND SO, SHORTLY, DOES GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...

I'LL BRING YOU SALT IF YOU WISH, SIR... BUT THAT'LL BE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EXTRA!

WHA...!! YOU'RE LOCO, PARDNER... I'M GOIN' TO TALK TO THE MANAGER.

WE CAN'T HELP IT, MR. SANDERS... GAS-PIPE CHARGES US THE TAX, AND WE HAVE TO PASS IT ON OR GO OUT OF BUSINESS! AND IF WE COMPLAINED TO THE POLICE, GAS-PIPE'S THUGS WOULD GO TO WORK ON US!

I SEE... (TIME THE VIGILANTE TOOK A HAND IN THIS GAME!

THUS, PRESENTLY... THE VARMINT'S GOT PLENTY OF GALL... STEALIN' FROM EVERY RESTAURANT IN TOWN, AN' THEN SPREADIN' HIS NAME OUT WIDE FOR EVERYBODY TO READ!

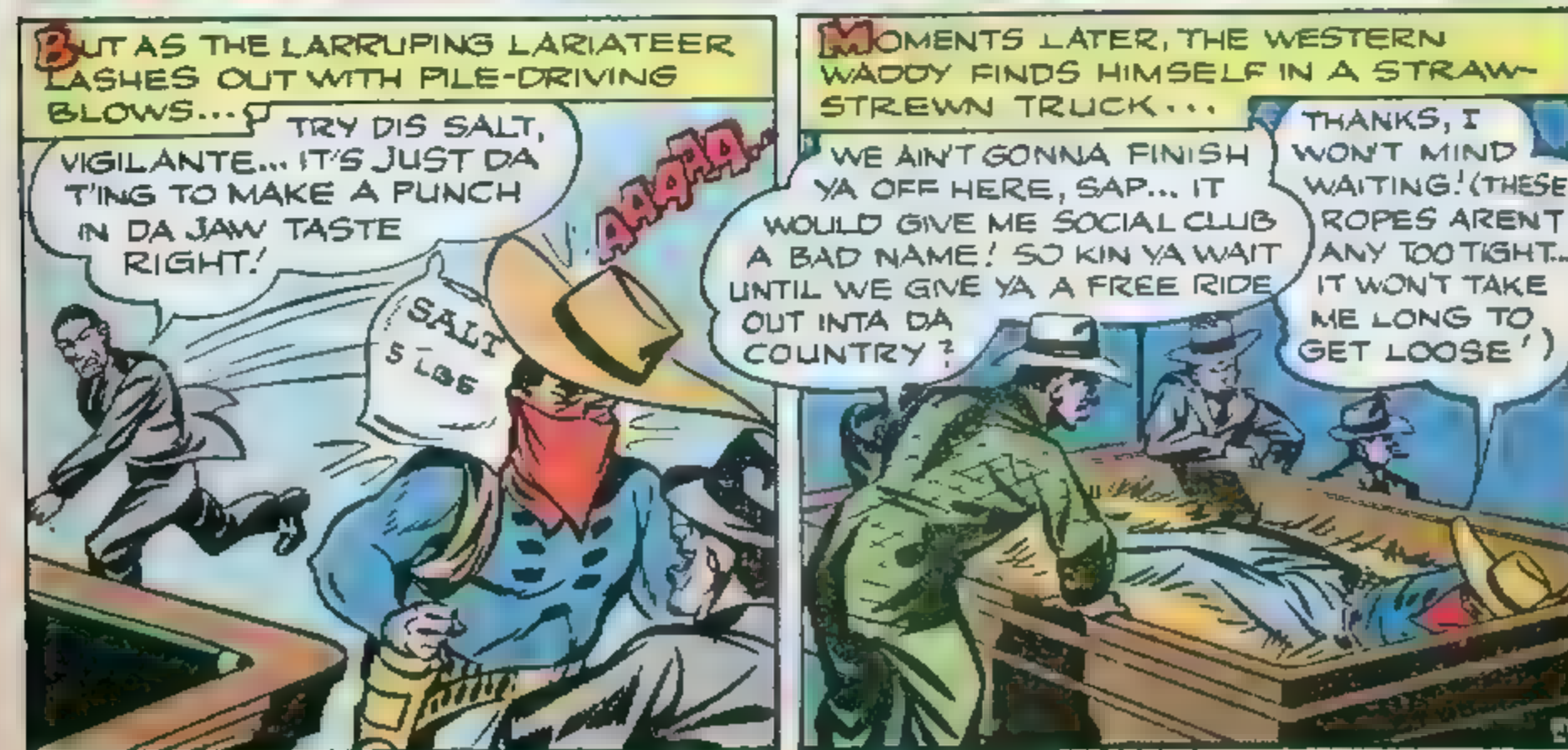
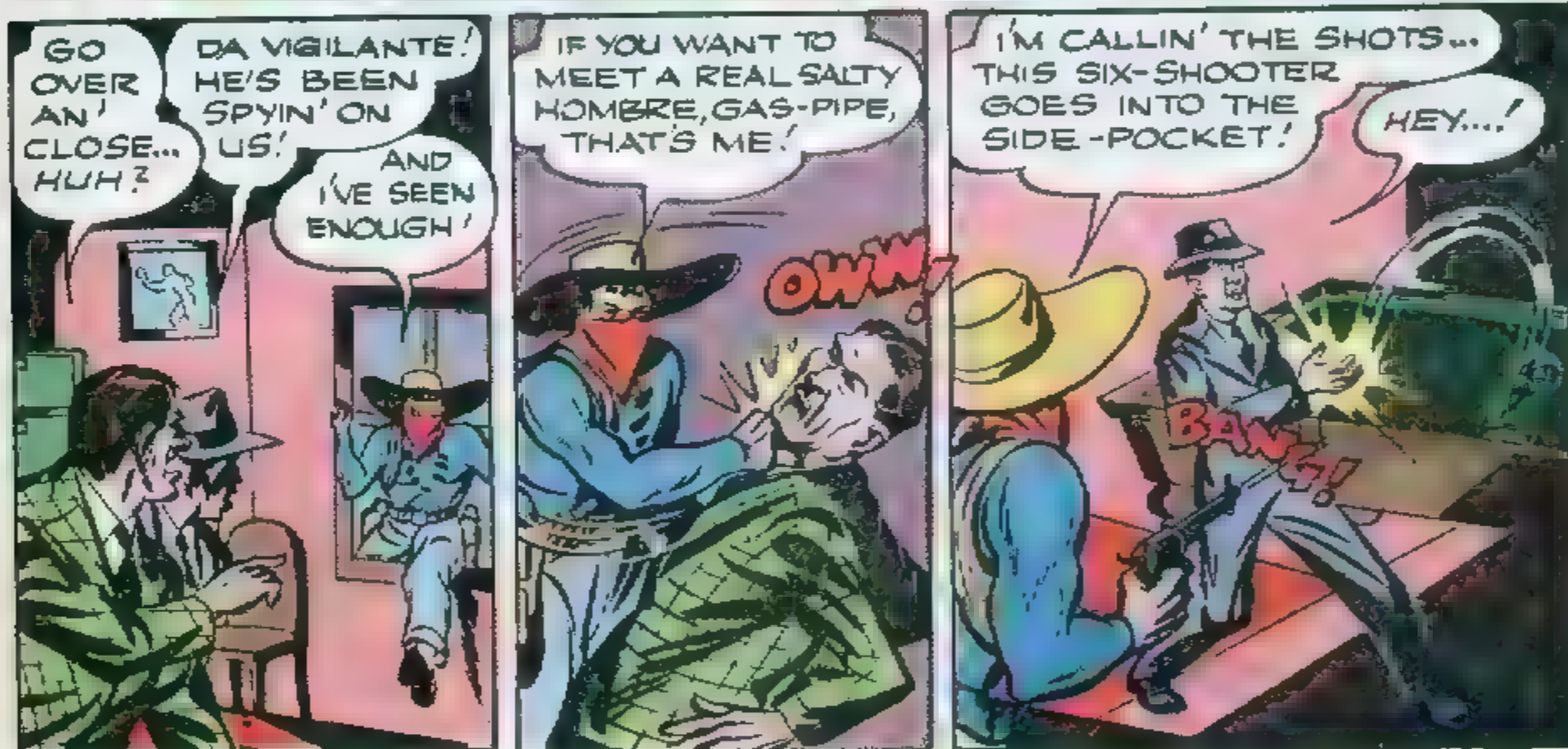
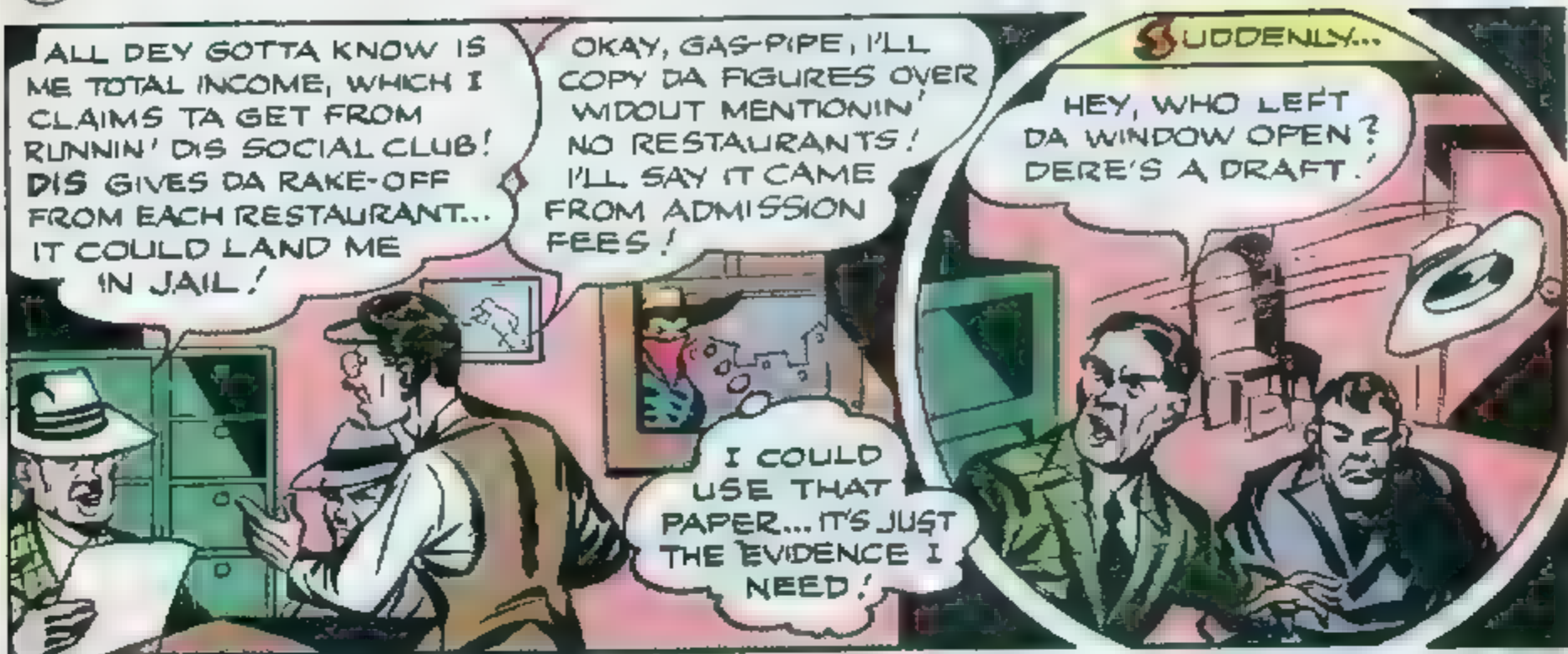
GAS-PIPE GROGAN SOCIAL CLUB

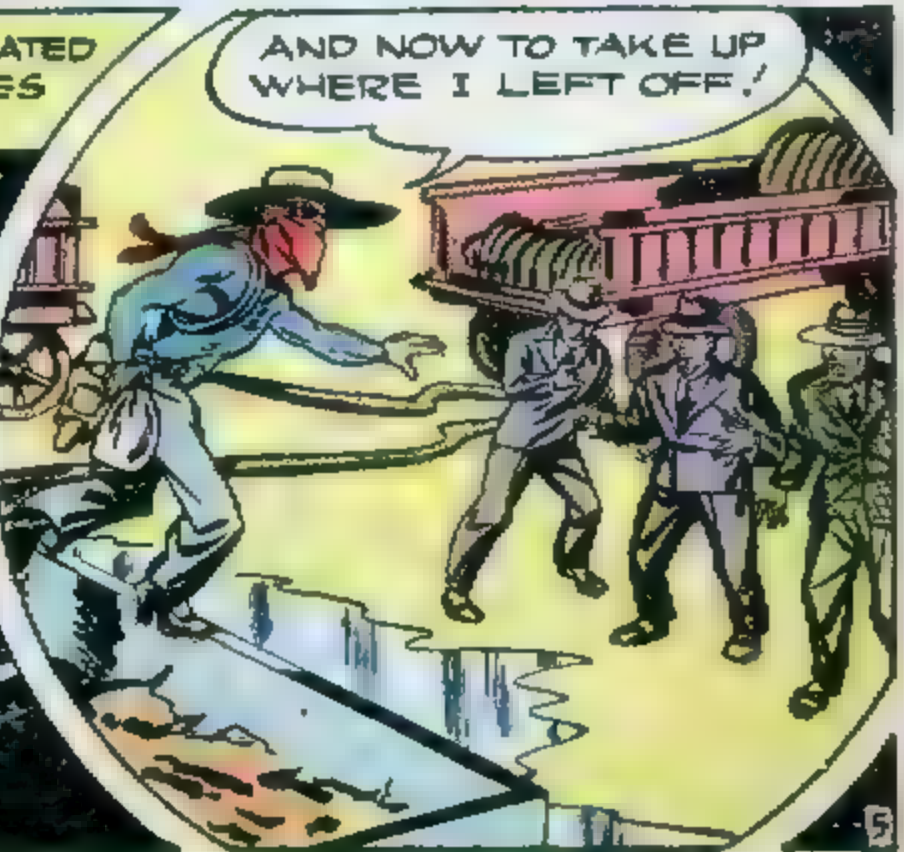
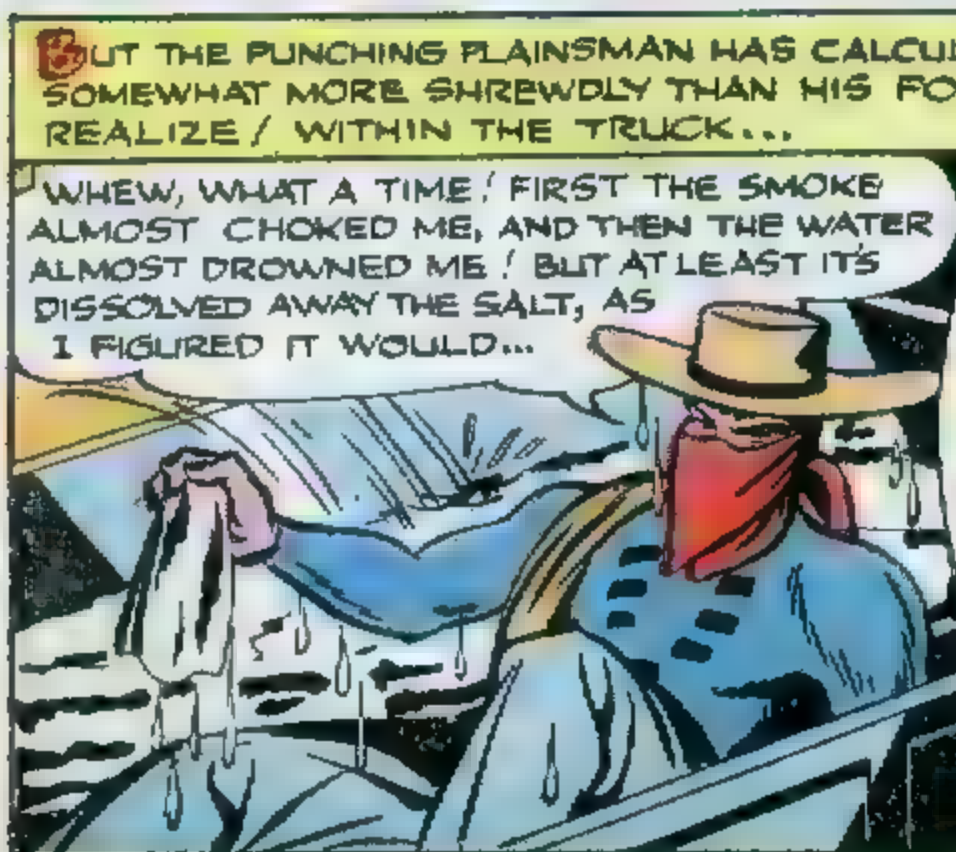
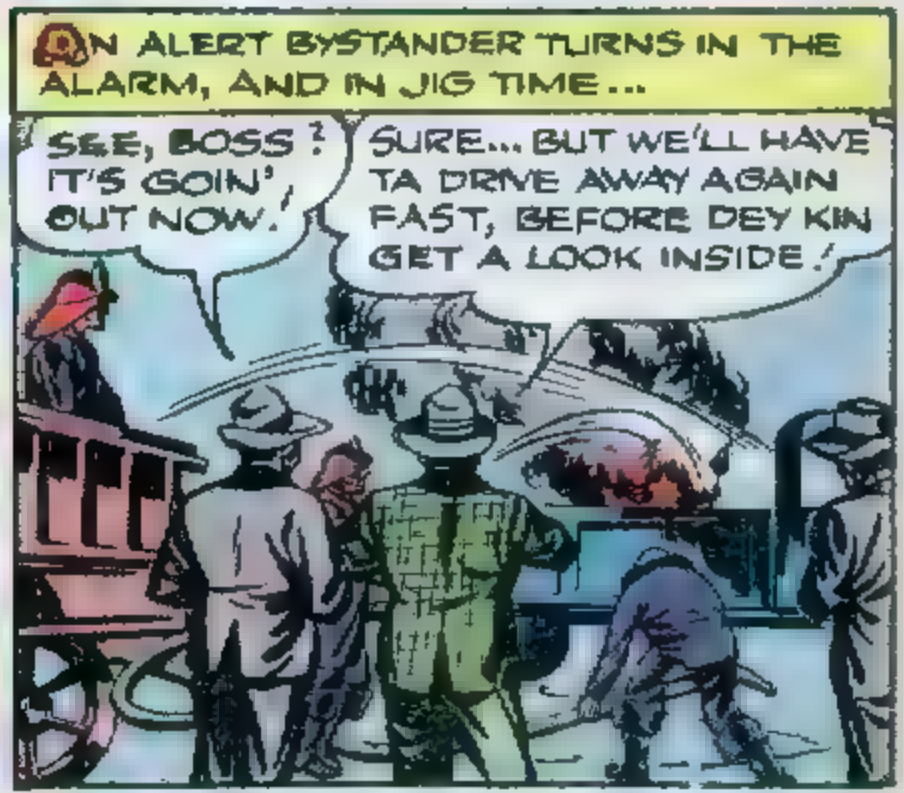
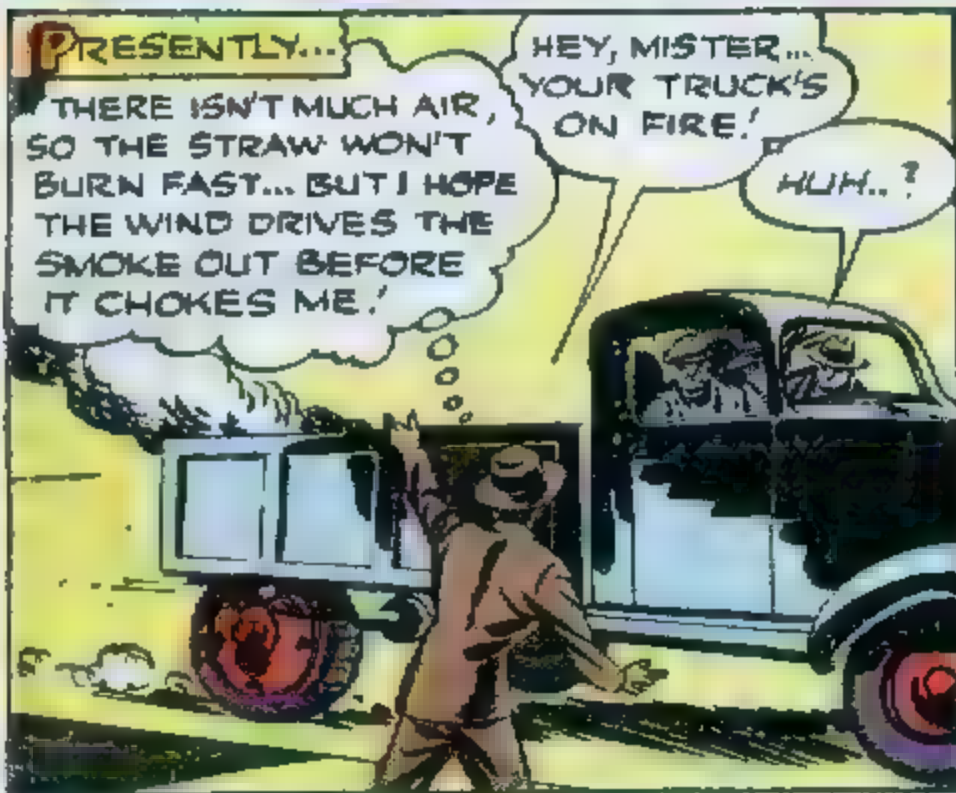
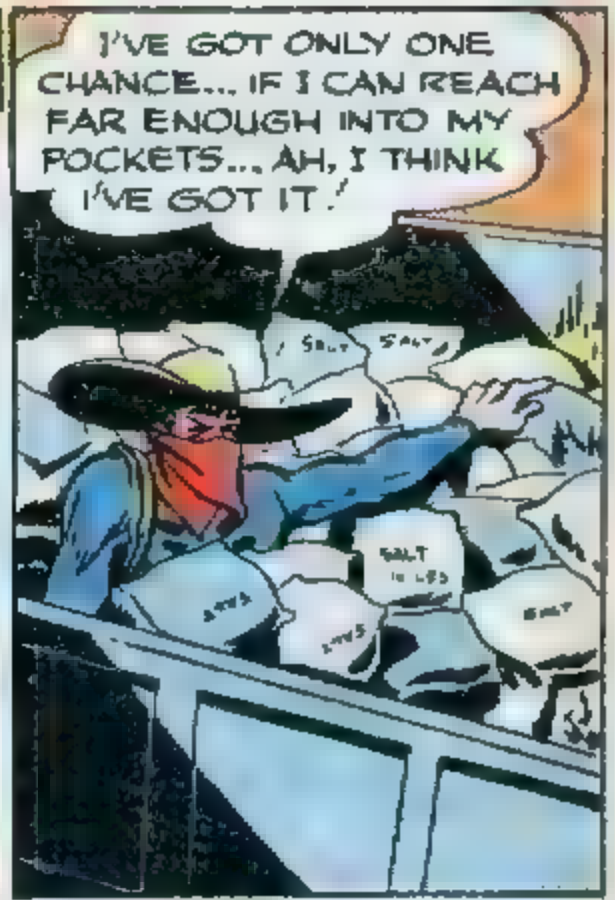
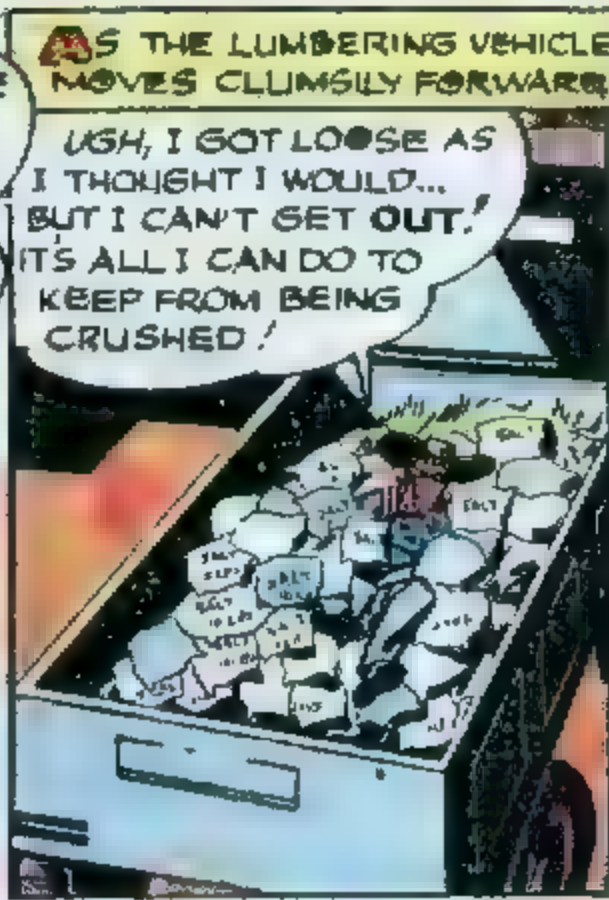
BUT MAYBE I CAN DRAW HIS FANGS... NEVER SAW A RATTLER YET THAT DIDN'T HAVE A WEAK SPOT!

I'LL JUST HITCH UP NEAR THAT WINDOW FOR A WHILE, AND... HUH?

DA FIGURES MAY BE RIGHT, ADDER... BUT YA CAN'T SEND NO INCOME TAX IN TA DA GOVERMENT LIKE DIS!

GAS-PIPE GROGAN

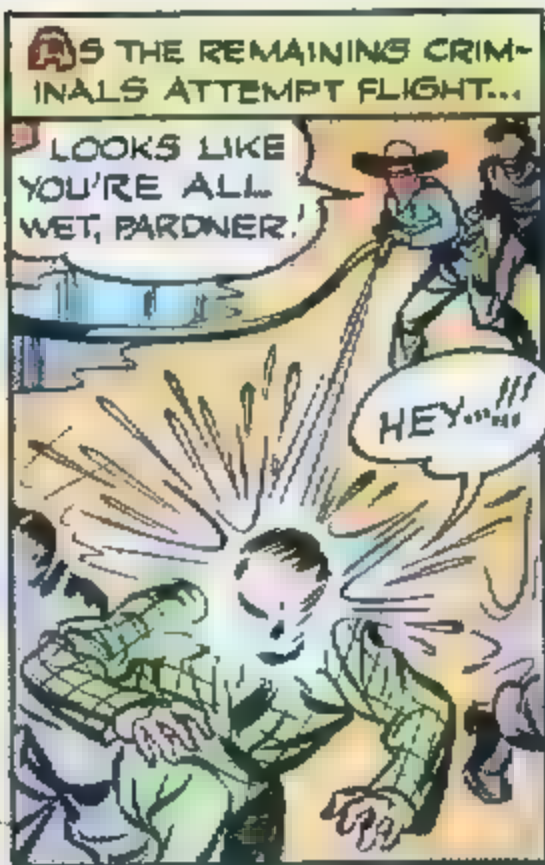






HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS SACK IN THE JAW, DIAMOND-BACK?

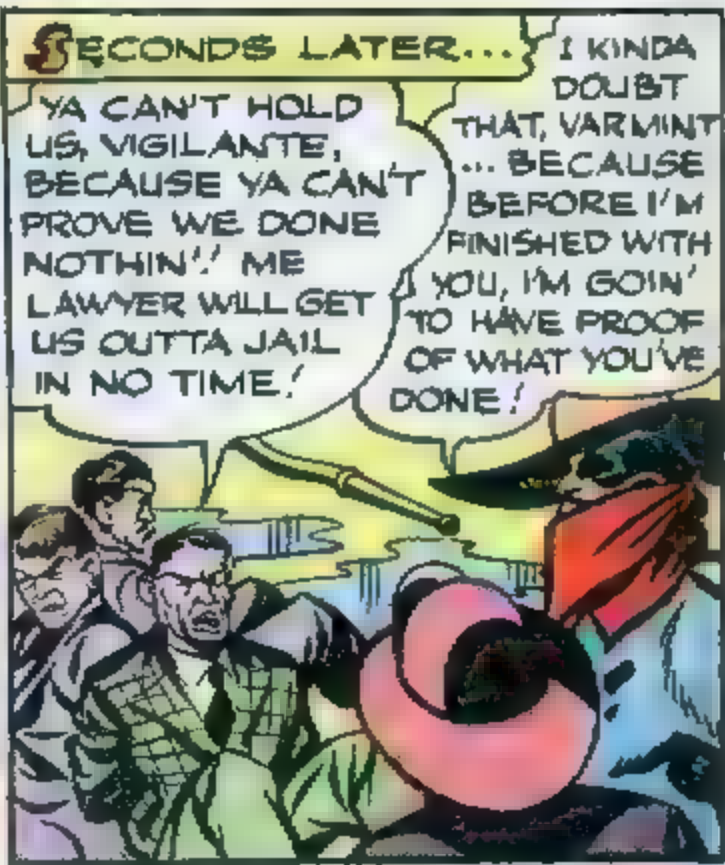
CRASH!



AS THE REMAINING CRIMINALS ATTEMPT FLIGHT...

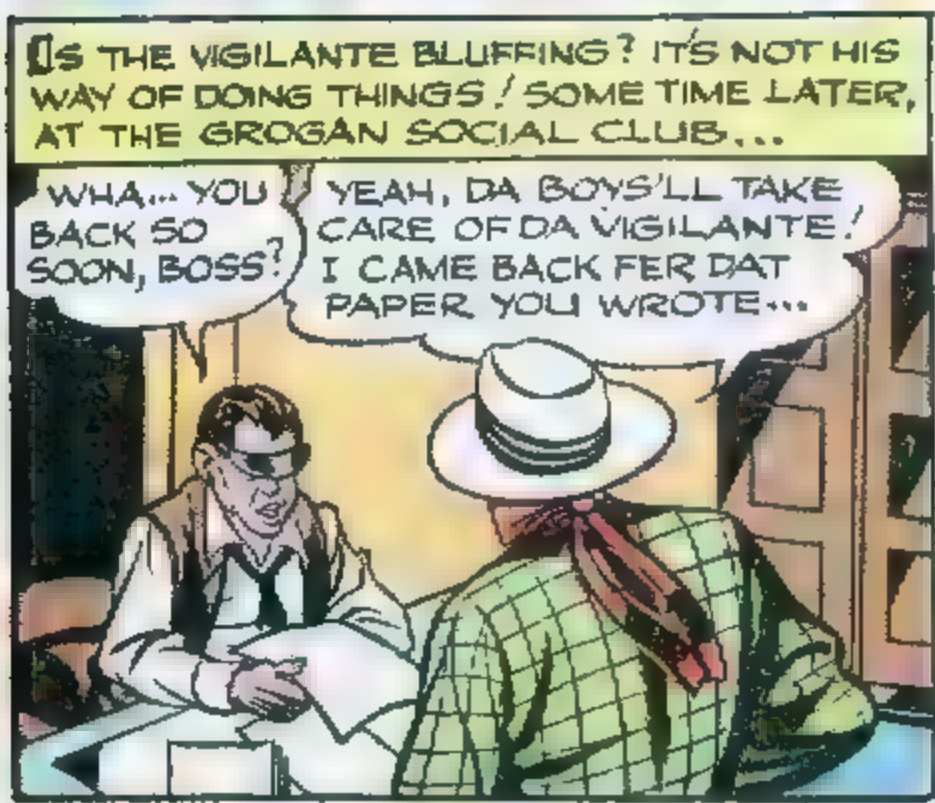
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ALL WET, PARDNER!

HEY!!!



SECONDS LATER... YA CAN'T HOLD US, VIGILANTE, BECAUSE YA CAN'T PROVE WE DONE NOTHIN'! ME LAWYER WILL GET US OUTTA JAIL IN NO TIME!

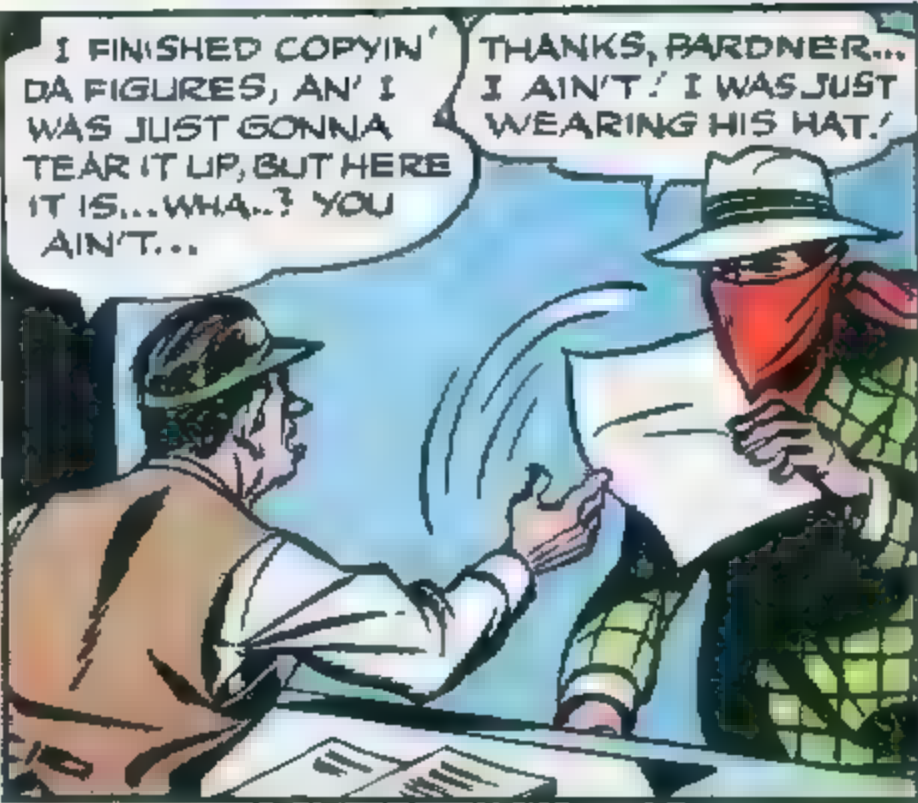
I KINDA DOUBT THAT, VARMIN'T... BECAUSE BEFORE I'M FINISHED WITH YOU, I'M GOIN' TO HAVE PROOF OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE!



IS THE VIGILANTE BLUFFING? IT'S NOT HIS WAY OF DOING THINGS! SOME TIME LATER, AT THE GROGAN SOCIAL CLUB...

WHA... YOU BACK SO SOON, BOSS?

YEAH, DA BOYS'LL TAKE CARE OF DA VIGILANTE! I CAME BACK FER DAT PAPER YOU WROTE...



I FINISHED COPYIN' DA FIGURES, AN' I WAS JUST GONNA TEAR IT UP, BUT HERE IT IS... WHA...? YOU AIN'T...

THANKS, PARDNER... I AIN'T! I WAS JUST WEARING HIS HAT!



OKAY, WISE GUY, YOU ASKED FER IT!

BAD EYE, VARMIN'T... YUH HIT YOUR BOSS'S HAT, NOT ME!

BANG!



BUT I DON'T MISS!

AAAAA...

FINIS TO THE CAREER OF GAS-PIPE GROGAN! THE HARD-LUCK HAT HAS BROUGHT HIM HIS QUOTA OF MISFORTUNE... AND THOUGH IT HAS ACQUIRED A PAIR OF BULLETHOLES IN THE PROCESS, THESE ARE MORE EASILY MENDED THAN THE WRECK IT HAS MADE, AND IS STILL DESTINED TO MAKE, IN THE LIVES OF MEN!

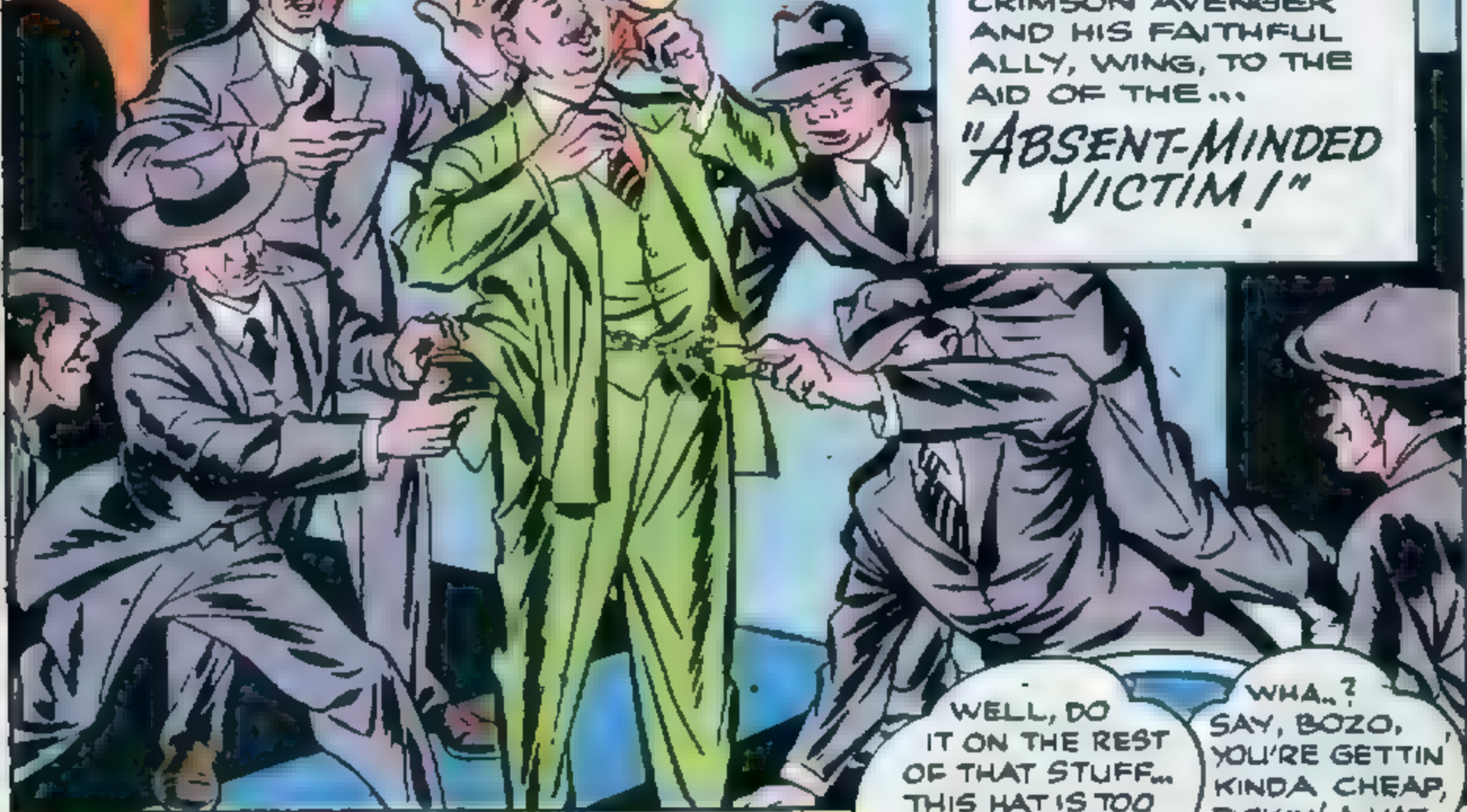


Chapter
4

STARRING
THE CRIMSON AVENGER
and **WING**



EVERY CLEVER CRIMINAL DREAMS OF COMMITTING THE PERFECT CRIME... BUT RARELY DOES A CAREFULLY CALCULATING CROOK HAVE THE FORTUNE TO CHOOSE THE PERFECT VICTIM! A UNIQUE AND DARING SCHEME FOR VILLAINY ACHIEVES QUICK SUCCESS... UNTIL CHANCE SENDS THE SWIFTLY STRIKING CRIMSON AVENGER AND HIS FAITHFUL ALLY, WING, TO THE AID OF THE...
"ABSENT-MINDED VICTIM!"



A WELL-WORN HAT LANDS IN A SCRAPHEAP, ON THE ROAD TO OBLIVION, WHEN UNEXPECTEDLY...

JUST A MINUTE, PAL... WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?

HUH... I'M JUST DOIN MY JOB...

WELL, DO IT ON THE REST OF THAT STUFF... THIS HAT IS TOO GOOD TO THROW AWAY!

WHA...? SAY, BOZO, YOU'RE GETTIN' KINDA CHEAP, PICKIN' A HAT OFF A ASH-CAN!



IT AIN'T THAT I'M CHEAP, TOMMY... JUST THAT I'M KINDA SENTIMENTAL! I RECOGNIZED THIS HAT AS BELONGIN' TO GAS-PIPE GROGAN, WHO USED TA BE A HERO OF MINE!

HUH? MAYBE YA KIN WEAR HIS HAT AFTER YA BUY A NEW BAND TA HIDE THE BULLET HOLES, BUT THAT DON'T SAY YA KIN FILL HIS SHOES!

I AIN'T AIMIN' TA FILL HIS SHOES, CHUM... THAT'D BE TOO DANGEROUS! THE KINDA SAP I WANNA ROB IS THE KIND THAT DON'T COMPLAIN!

HUH? WHAT KINDA DOUBLE-TALK IS THAT?

IT AIN'T DOUBLE-TALK! EVEN AFTER WE TAKE HIS DOUGH, THIS GUY WON'T SAY NOTHIN' TO NOBODY! THE FIRST THING WE DO IS GET JOBS ... I'LL ARRANGE IT!

AND SO, SOME TIME LATER, WE FIND...

BOZO, HOW MUCH LONGER IS DIS GONNA GO ON? CHUMMIN' AROUND WID DESE ANTIQUES IS MAKIN' ME FEEL OLD!

CHEER UP, PAL... WE CASH IN PRETTY SOON!

ER, EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN, IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

WHA..? WHY, MR. CHUMLEY, DON'T YA REMEMBER... WE WOIK HERE!

OH, YES, I THOUGHT YOUR FACES SEEMED FAMILIAR! EXCUSE ME!

IMAGINE DAT! WE WOIK FER A GUY SO ABSENT-MINDED, HE DON'T EVEN KNOW US!

THAT'S WHAT I'M COUNTIN' ON! I'LL SHOW YOU AFTER LUNCH.. BUT FIRST I WANNA GET A HAIRCUT! COME ALONG AN' KEEP ME COMPANY, PAL!

BE CAREFUL, BOZO... AS SAMSON MIGHT WARN YOU, A HAIRCUT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO CHANGE A MAN'S DESTINY!

WHEN CHUMLEY COMES BACK FROM LUNCH, WE'LL WORK IT LIKE THIS.. BZZZZ, BZZZZ..

MEANWHILE, AS THE BARBERS SHEARS CONTINUE TO CLIP...

A LITTLE MORE OFF THE TOP, MR. TRAVIS?

BETTER NOT, OR I'LL HAVE TO WEAR A WIG! THIS WILL DO!

NOW I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE GLOBE-LEADER OFFICES... WHA..? THIS ISN'T MY HAT! MINE IS GONE!

A FATEFUL INTERCHANGE OF HEADGEAR! FOR EDITOR LEE TRAVIS IS NONE OTHER THAN THE CRIMSON-AVenger! JUST AN UNINTENTIONAL SWAP, WING! BUT THE INTERESTING THING IS THAT THERE ARE A COUPLE OF BULLET HOLES IN THIS! I'D LIKE TO MEET THE MAN WHO OWNS IT!

WHAT HAPPEN, MIST' TRAVIS... SOMEBODY SWIPE HAT?

THIS IS A NEIGHBORHOOD BARBER SHOP, SO HE MAY LIVE OR WORK AROUND HERE!

JOB FOR MIST' CLIMSON, MAYBE!

A T THE ANTIQUE SHOP...

HERE HE COMES, BOSS!

AND HE DON'T SUSPECT A THING... THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!

GOOD AFTERNOON... ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, MISTER?

WHHA..? WHY, THIS IS MY STORE..AND YOU WORK FOR ME! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ASKING SUCH A QUESTION?

I THINK YOU'RE A LITTLE WOOZY, PAL... THIS STORE BELONGS TO A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF CHUMLEY! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN YOU IN MY LIFE!

B-BUT I THOUGHT MY NAME WAS CHUMLEY!

MAYBE IT IS... BUT YOU AIN'T THE CHUMLEY THAT OWNS THIS PLACE! I BEEN WORKIN' HERE TEN YEARS, AN' I OUGHTTA KNOW!

SURE, MR. CHUMLEY STEPPED OUT FOR LUNCH... BUT HERE HE COMES NOW!

Save Bags FROM Popsicle CREAMSICLE · Fudgicle



LOOK, BOYS AND GIRLS!
SWELL **FREE GIFTS** FOR YOU

OTHER GIFTS FOR BAGS

For 350 Bags or 50¢ and 100 Bags

- #115 COMPLETE BOWLING GAME
- #133 CARTOON INSTRUCTION BOOK
- #233 KHAKI TOILET KIT
- #136 9-PC. MANICURE SET

For 200 Bags or 25¢ and 100 Bags

- #126 INDOOR BASEBALL
- #161 "CAMERA" PENCIL BOX
- #163 PISTOL & HOLSTER
- #171 SLIDE POCKET KNIFE
- #146 FLASHLIGHT
- #173 MEXICAN NOVELTY NECKLACE
- #149 3-PC. PERFUME SET
- #175 33-IN. EXTENSION PERISCOPE

For 100 Bags or 10¢ and 50 Bags

- #135 FIRST AID KIT
- #125 PIN-UP PICTURES & PUZZLES

For 50 Bags or 5¢ and 25 Bags

- #144 GAME & PUZZLE PACKAGE
- #263-282 FOREIGN POSTAGE PACKETS

AND MANY OTHERS



WAR SAVINGS STAMPS In such cases where we can not supply you with the premiums you select, we reserve the right to substitute one 10¢ U. S. War Savings Stamp for each 50 genuine bags submitted for prizes.

SEND BAGS TO "POPSICLE" SERVICE DEPARTMENT

(Nearest Address)

NEW YORK, N. Y. 601 W. 26th Street
CHICAGO, ILL. 1000 N. Ogden Avenue
LOS ANGELES, CAL. 2744 E. 11th Street
ATLANTA, GA. 325 Elizabeth St., N. E.

It's easy! Every time you buy a "POPSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," or "FUDGICLE" at your ice cream store, Save the bags! Pretty soon you'll have enough bags from these delicious frozen confections on-a-stick to get the free gifts you want!

Rapid Fire MACHINE GUN



Big neck-ack gun . . . 24 1/2 inches long! Sounds like a real battle! Has swivel-head stand, so you can aim in any direction. Easily converted into Tommy Gun by removing stand. Solid wood; harmless. Thrilling fun! Premium #118 . . . 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.

Rocket Type CATAPLANE



Special air-pressure catapult tube sends your CATAPLANE looping, diving, gliding and spinning through the air! Simple adjustments make your CATAPLANE fly like a real plane. Thrilling fun, indoors and outdoors! Premium #152 . . . 100 bags, or 10¢ and 50 bags.



Junior G-Man SECRET CODE KIT

It sends and receives secret G Man code messages! Contains two alphabet slide rules and full, simple instructions. Thrills galore! Every boy and girl will enjoy it! Premium #174 . . . 200 bags, or 25¢ and 100 bags.



MYSTIC WHEEL OF KNOWLEDGE

Set the "Mystic Pointer" in center of magic wheel and presto! . . . it spins by itself, without anyone touching it, to right answer on quiz card. 12 sets of quiz cards included. Premium #147 . . . 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.



**Start
Saving Bags
Today!**

When you have the required number of bags for the Free Gift you desire, send them to the nearest "POPSICLE" Service Department. Ask your ice cream dealer for complete new gift list today!

The above offer is void and is not extended in any State or locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited or where any tax, license or other restriction is imposed upon the redemption or issuance thereof.

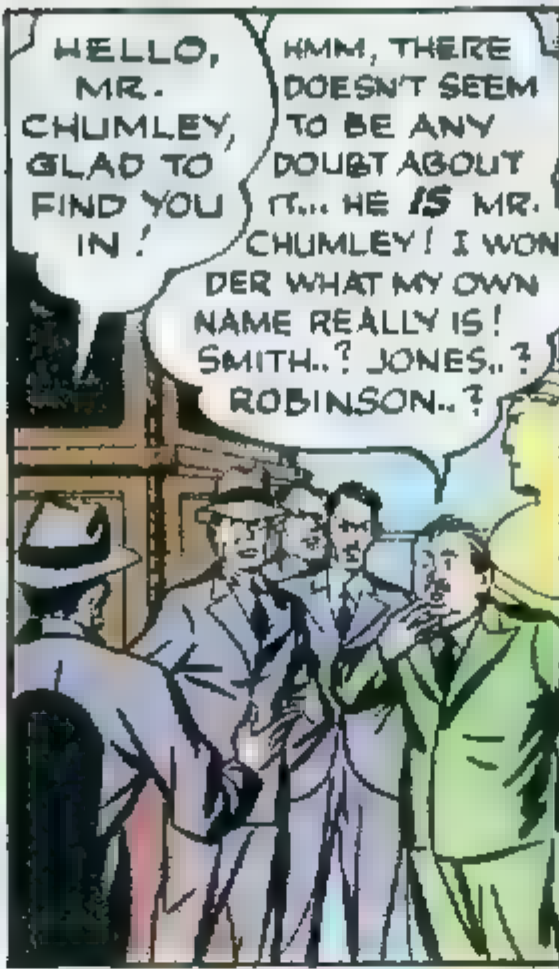
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

This offer effective until Jan. 1, 1945



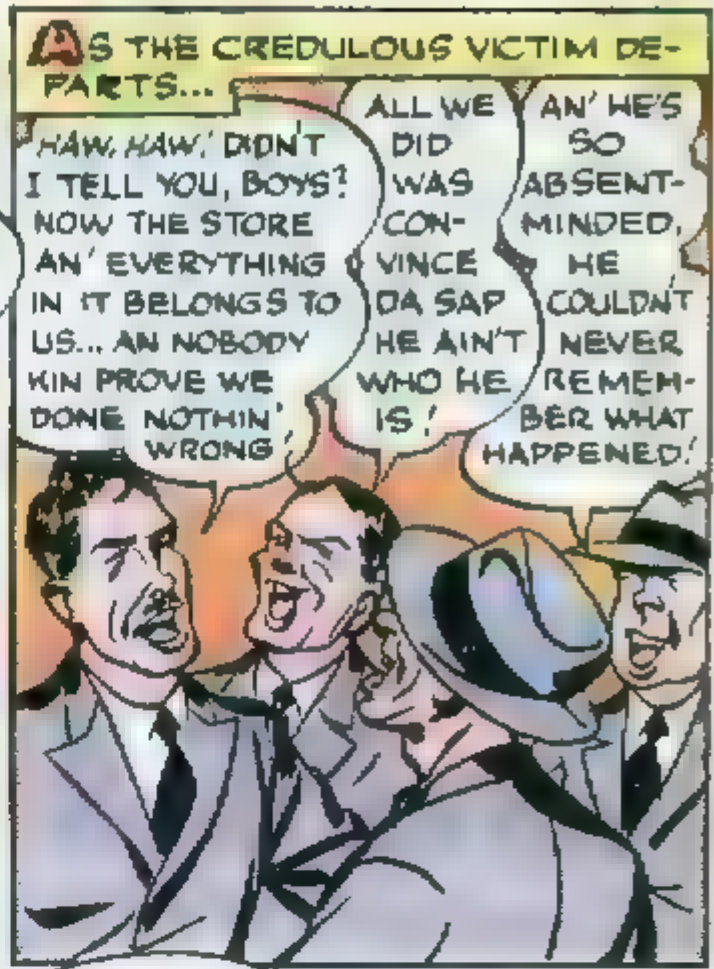
YES, I'M MR. CHUMLEY... ANYBODY LOOKING FOR ME?

YOU'RE MR...? THEN WHO AM I?



HELLO, MR. CHUMLEY, GLAD TO FIND YOU IN!

HMM, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY DOUBT ABOUT IT... HE IS MR. CHUMLEY! I WONDER WHAT MY OWN NAME REALLY IS! SMITH..? JONES..? ROBINSON..?

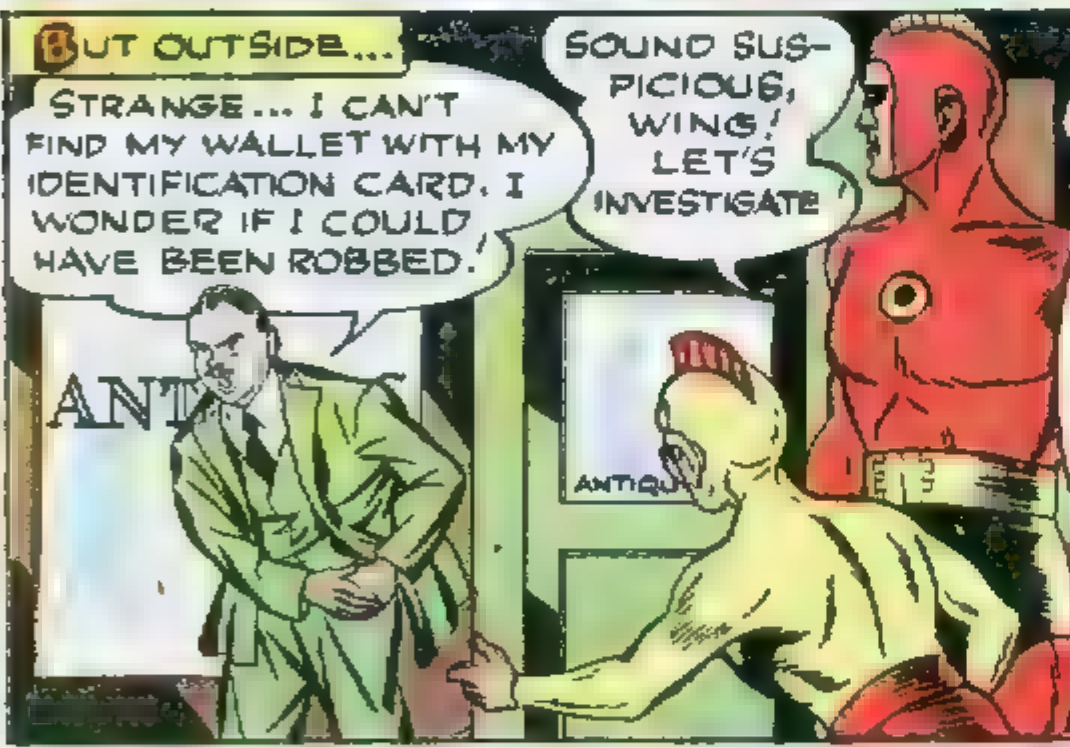


AS THE CREDULOUS VICTIM DEPARTS...

HAW, HAW! DIDN'T I TELL YOU, BOYS? NOW THE STORE AN' EVERYTHING IN IT BELONGS TO US... AN NOBODY KIN PROVE WE DONE NOTHIN' WRONG!

ALL WE DID WAS CONVINCE DA SAP HE AIN'T WHO HE IS!

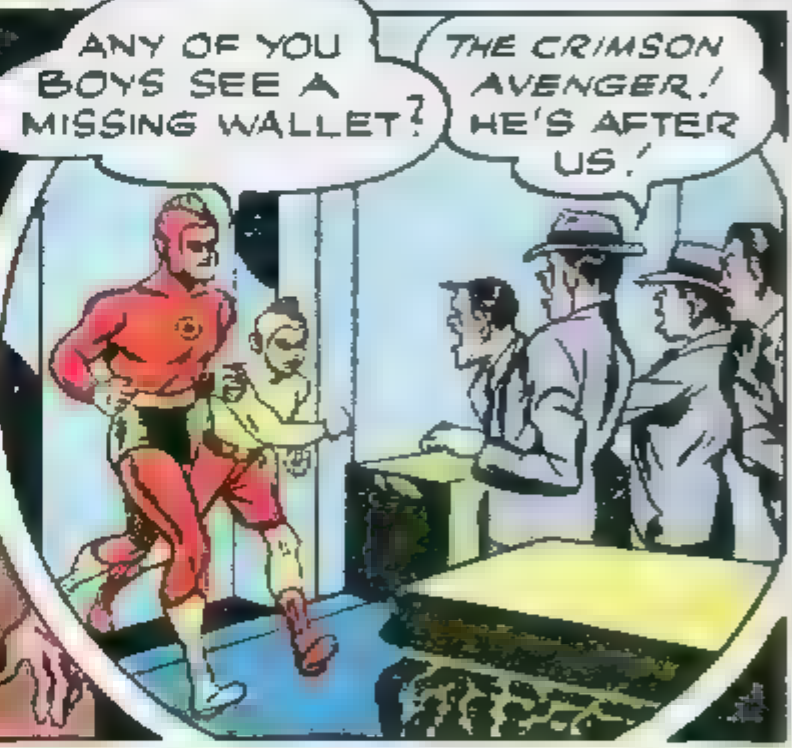
AN' HE'S SO ABSENT-MINDED, HE COULDN'T NEVER REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED!



BUT OUTSIDE...

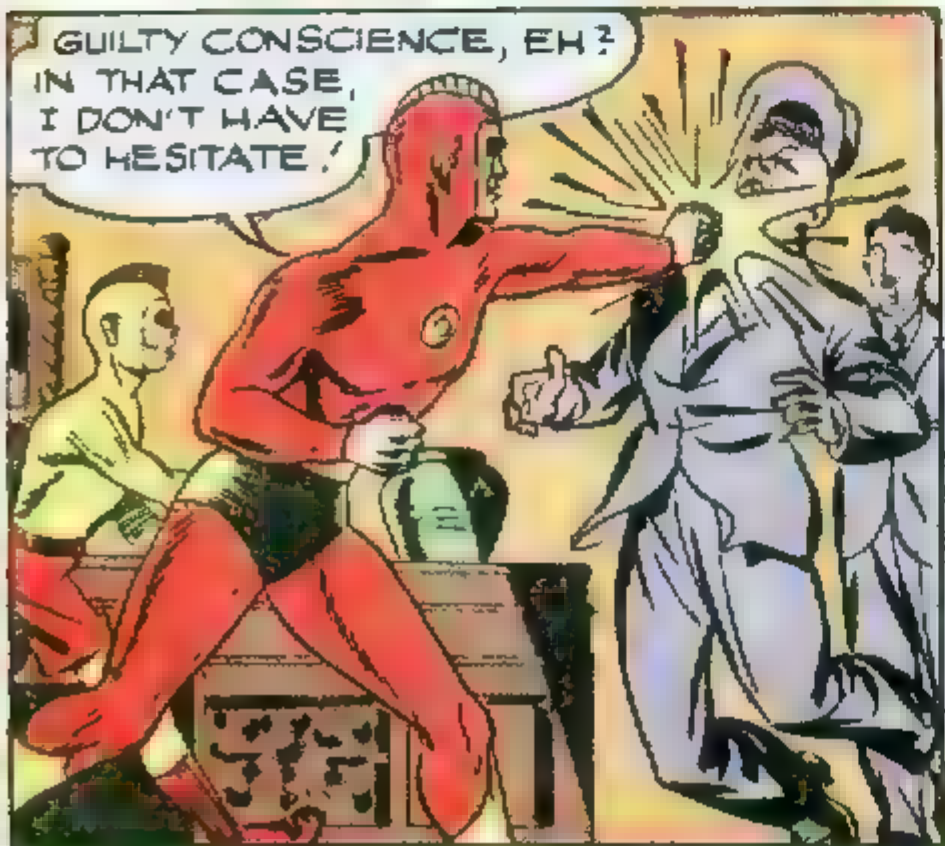
STRANGE... I CAN'T FIND MY WALLET WITH MY IDENTIFICATION CARD. I WONDER IF I COULD HAVE BEEN ROBBED.

SOUND SUSPICIOUS, WING! LET'S INVESTIGATE



ANY OF YOU BOYS SEE A MISSING WALLET?

THE CRIMSON AVENGER! HE'S AFTER US!



GUILTY CONSCIENCE, EH? IN THAT CASE, I DON'T HAVE TO HESITATE!



BUT AS REAL ACTION IS ABOUT TO START...

STOP, AVENGER, YOU GOT US ALL WRONG... WE AIN'T NO CROOKS!

NO? WELL, THERE'S A WALLET MISSING, AND IF I FIND IT HERE, I'LL NEED A LOT OF CONVINING!

THEY MUST HAVE STOLEN MY WALLET TO PREVENT ME FROM FINDING OUT WHO I REALLY AM, MR. AVENGER!

WHAA...? TO PREVENT YOU FROM LEARNING WHO YOU ARE?

YOU HEAR THAT, AVENGER? CONFIDENTIALLY, THE OLD GUYS A WHACK!

HE COMES IN HERE, CLAIMIN' TO BE CHUMLEY, THE GUY WHO OWNS THIS PLACE!

WHEREAS, I AM REALLY MR. CHUMLEY!

HUH...? CAN YOU PROVE THAT?

OF COURSE! HERE'S MY WALLET AND MY IDENTIFICATION CARD!

YES, THAT BELONGS TO YOU, MR. CHUMLEY, SO IT CAN'T BE MINE! I MUST HAVE LOST MY OWN SOME OTHER PLACE!

THEN I'VE BEEN WASTING MY TIME HERE... BUT ALL THE SAME THIS IS A STRANGE SETUP!

HUH...? THAT'S MY HAT... EITHER THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF CHUMLEY, OR ONE OF THE OTHERS, MUST OWN THE HAT WITH THE BULLET HOLES! I'D BETTER DO A LITTLE MORE INVESTIGATING!

THIS LATER, BACK TO THE ANTIQUE SHOP, GOES LEE TRAVIS - IN DISGUISE!

HELLO, WHERE'S MY BROTHER?

HUH...? WHO ARE YOU?

I'M MR. CHUMLEY, THE OWNER OF THE SHOP! I LEFT MY BROTHER IN CHARGE WHILE I WENT ON A TRIP... BUT I SUPPOSE HE'S SO ABSENT-MINDED HE NEVER EVEN TOLD YOU HE HAD A BROTHER!

WHAA...???

HOWEVER, IT DOESN'T MATTER... I'M BACK NOW, AND READY TO TAKE OVER AGAIN!

AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE WE WENT TO... WE'RE GONNA LOSE EVERYTHING, ON ACCOUNT OF THIS CHUMLEY IS SO ABSENT-MINDED!

NO, WE'RE NOT, BOZO... I KNOW YOU DIDN'T WANT TO GET ROUGH, BUT NOW THERE'S NO CHOICE! WE MUST STOP THIS MAN FROM TALKING!

OKAY, PAL... HE WON'T DO NO TALKIN' WHILE HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!

HEY..!

MOMENTS LATER...

THEY THINK I'M UNCONSCIOUS... THEY DON'T REALIZE THAT IT WOULD TAKE A HARDER PUNCH THAN THEY'VE GOT TO KAYO LEE TRAVIS!

THE BEST THING IS GET RID OF HIM ALTOGETHER! SO WE'LL JUST TAKE HIM INTO THE BACK ROOM AN' PUT A COUPLA LEAD SLUGS IN HIM!

UNSEEN, A SLOWLY CLENCHING FIST CRUSHES A TINY GLASS CAPSULE... AND A CRIMSON CLOUD BILLOWS OUTWARD!

HEY... WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?

NEVER MIND THAT, CHUM... IT'S WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT THAT COUNTS! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO CHANGE COSTUMES!

HELP... THE AVENGER!

HE MUST BE WISE TO WHAT WE WERE GONNA DO!

MIST' CLIMSON SO WISE YOU BE SURPRISED!

WING NOT SO DUMB EITHER!

EEEEHHH... CUT IT OUT, YA SAP!

PRESENTLY, AFTER A BRIEF FLURRY OF ACTION...

BETTER CONFESS, BOZO... IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD TO ACT INNOCENT NOW! WE KNOW YOU TRIED TO KILL CHUMLEY! AND WHEN WE FIND HIM AGAIN, HE'LL TESTIFY AGAINST YOU!

AND AS A SULLEN CRIMINAL REVEALS THE ENTIRE PLAN...

SO YOU SEE, AVENGER, IT WAS JUST DUMB LUCK THAT RUINED US... NOT YOUR CLEVERNESS!

YES... TOO BAD CHUMLEY WAS SO ABSENT-MINDED HE DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT HIS BROTHER!

LATER...

IT'S DISAPPOINTING WING... THE BULLET HOLES IN THIS HAT DIDN'T COME FROM ANY ADVENTURES THAT BOZO HAD AT ALL!

THEY PRESENT WHEN HE FIND HAT IN ASHCAN... AND NOW HAT GO BACK TO ASHCAN! BUT MEANWHILE PUT YOU ON TRACK OF CROOK! HAT DO GOOD JOB!

YES, AND IT WILL CONTINUE TO DO A GOOD JOB! WATCH ITS 'HEADWORK' IN THE NEXT CHAPTER!

Chapter
5

STARRING

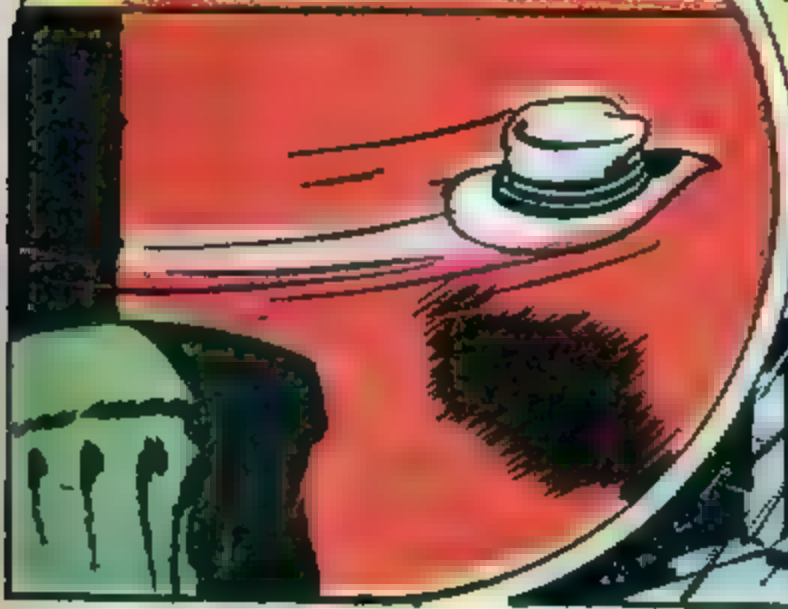
The Shining Knight



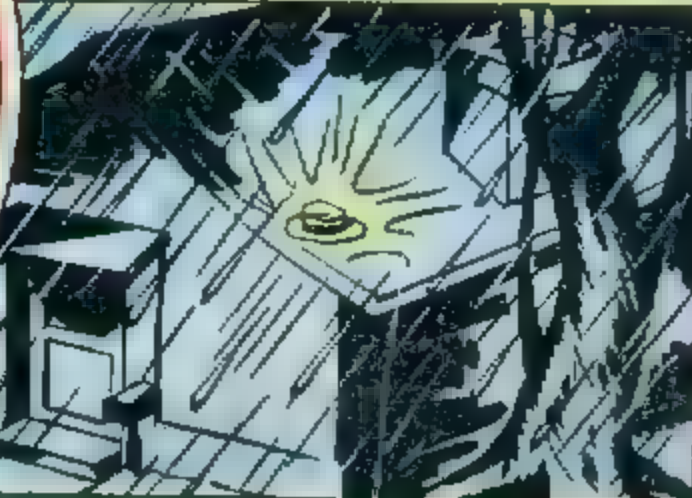
MISFORTUNE MARCHES ON! THREE INNOCENT PEOPLE, VICTIMIZED THROUGH NO FAULT OF THEIR OWN BY DANGEROUS CRIMINALS, OFFER ELOQUENT TESTIMONY TO THE POWER OF A HAT BENEATH WHOSE BRIM BAD LUCK THRIVES! AND NOT UNTIL THE SHINING KNIGHT, FOLLOWING A DEATH-LADEN TRAIL TACKLES THE DESPERATE TRIO, DOES THE SINISTER SHADOW LIFT FROM.

*"The
HIGH-HATTED
HOUSE!"*

A GUST OF WIND... AND A SOMEWHAT DELAPIDATED HAT AND AN ASH CAN PART COMPANY!



A STORM-TOSSED, RAIN-PELTED PIECE OF HEADGEAR DRIVES ADVENTUROUSLY THROUGH DARKENED CITY STREETS, THEN THROUGH A DESOLATE COUNTRY-SIDE, UNTIL FINALLY...



THIS TIME A HOUSE WEARS DESTINY'S HAT! AND LITTLE DO THE HOUSE'S INHABITANTS KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR THEM! LET US GLANCE INSIDE AND MAKE THEIR ACQUAINTANCE...

FIRST, MEET JOHN HARRISON, INVENTOR...

THIS NEW DISH-WASHER OF MINE WILL MAKE HOUSEWORK A PLEASURE!



NEXT, MRS. MARY HARRISON, PATIENT HOUSEWIFE...

I HOPE IT DOESN'T WORK LIKE THE LAST ONE, JOHN... IT TOOK ME A WEEK TO CLEAN UP AFTER THAT!



AND FINALLY, THE YOUNGEST MEMBER JIMMY HARRISON...

AW, MOM, GIVE POP CREDIT! SOME OF HIS INVENTIONS ARE PRETTY GOOD!



A HAPPY, PEACEFUL HOME... UNTIL THE FATEFUL HAT EXERTS ITS GALEFUL INFLUENCE! FOR NOW, THROUGH THE GATHERING GLOOM OUTSIDE...

THINK WE SHOOK 'EM OFF, BOPPER?

NO SIGN OF ANYBODY FOLLOWIN' US! THAT GUY I SHOT MUST'VE BEEN THE ONLY ONE THAT GOT ON OUR TRAIL... AN' HE AIN'T IN NO CONDITION TO TALK!



BUT SUDDENLY...

WHA..? LOOK, BOPPER, SOMEBODY'S WATCHIN' FOR US!

THE RAT! THINKS HE'LL GET A REWARD FOR SENDIN' US BACK TO JAIL!



WELL, I'LL SHOW HIM... HUH..?

WHAT'S WRONG, BOPPER?



YA SAPS, THAT AIN'T NOBODY WATCHIN'! IT'S JUST A HAT THAT GOT STUCK ON THE ROOF!

WELL, IT LOOKED LIKE SOMEBODY! AN' FROM THE TOP OF THAT HOUSE, A GUY COULD SEE US COMIN' A LONG WAY OFF...



DAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! IF SOMEBODY COULD SEE US FROM THIS HOUSE, THEN WE COULD SEE THE GUARDS COMIN'! IT WOULD MAKE A PERFECT HIDEOUT!

YEAH, BUT MAYBE SOMEBODY LIVES THERE!



THEN THEY'LL INVITE US TO BE THEIR GUESTS! QUIET, SAPS!

WHO'S THERE?





THAT'S STRANGE... I WAS SURE I HEARD SOME ONE KNOCK!

YOU SURE DID, CHUM...

BUT THAT'S THE LAST YOU'LL BE HEARIN' FER QUITE A WHILE!

AAAAA...

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE CELLAR... THE DIRTY RATS... I SHOULD HAVE SOCKED THEM, EVEN IF THEY DID HAVE GUNS!

THEY'D HAVE KILLED YOU, JIMMY... DON'T FORGET, YOU'RE ONLY A BOY, AND THEY'RE GROWN MEN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JOHN?

I- I'M FEELING BETTER, MARY!

WHILE IN THE COSY HOUSE ITSELF...

POLICE ADMIT THEY HAVE LOST THE TRAIL OF THE THREE ESCAPED CONVICTS! A GENERAL ALARM HAS BEEN SENT OUT...

HAW, HAW! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS REST HERE NICE AN' PEACEFUL UNTIL THEY GET TIRED LOOKIN'!

THEN WE SCRAM, WEARIN' THESE CLOTHES WE GOT FROM THIS SAP! THE COP-PERS'LL NEVER GET US!

YOU SUFFER SLIGHTLY FROM OVERCONFIDENCE, GENTLEMEN... FOR SOME ONE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE POLICE IS NOW ON YOUR TRAIL... THE SHINING KNIGHT!

WE FIGURED THEY WERE HIDING IN THAT FOREST WHEN THEY FIRED... BUT THE FOOT-PRINTS WERE WASHED OUT BY THE RAIN!

BY YOUR LIEVE, WARDEN, I WILL CONTINUE THE SEARCH FOR A WHILE LONGER...

THIS EMPTY CARTRIDGE SHELL, EJECTED FROM THE RIFLE WHEN IT WAS FIRED, PROVES THE VARS-LETS WERE NOT IN YON WOOD, BUT ON THIS HILLTOP!

AND NOW, KNOWING IN WHICH DIRECTION THEY WENT, MAYHAP I CAN FIND YET MORE EVIDENCE OF THEIR PASSING!

PRESENTLY, FROM AN AERIAL VANTAGE POINT, HAWK-KEEN EYES SPOT A FAINT TRAIL...

THE GRASS WHICH BENT BENEATH THEIR FEET HAS NOT YET STRAIGHT-ENED COMPLETELY! I SHALL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW!

BUT AS THE MAN OF YESTER-DAY NEARS HIS QUARRY, WATCHFUL EYES NOTE HIS COMING!

HUH..? HOW DID THE SHIN-IN' KNIGHT GET ON OUR TRAIL?

I DON'T KNOW... BUT WE'D BETTER TELL BOPPER! HE'LL THINK OF SOMETHIN' QUICK!

PRESENTLY, AS SIR JUSTIN ONCE MORE TURNS TOWARD THE HOUSE...

PERHAPS THOSE WHO DWELL IN YON HOUSE SAW THE ROGUES... WHA..?

HELP! HELP!

HELP! I'M SINKIN' IN THE QUICK-SAND!

SWIFTLY, VICTORY! WE SHALL FIND THE VARLETS LATER... THIS MAN NEEDS OUR HELP AT ONCE!

COURAGE, FRIEND, I SHALL HAVE THEE LOOSE IN BUT A SECOND...

YEAH? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUM!

WHA..?

AND NOW, AS THE REMAINING CONVICTS CRAWL OUT OF THEIR PLACE OF CONCEALMENT...

TOO BAD, KNIGHT...YOU WALKED RIGHT INTO THIS!

I HAD THIS ROPE AROUND ME ALL THE TIME... I WASN'T IN NO DANGER AT ALL!

THOU MISTAKEST, VILLAIN!

THOU WERT SAFE FROM THE MUD... BUT NOW IS THINE OWN NAME MUD!

TAKE IT EASY, CHUM... YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO PUT UP A FIGHT!

AAAAA...

SHORTLY, SIR JUSTIN FINDS HIMSELF A HELPLESS PRISONER!

HA, HA! NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO STICK IN THE MUD, KNIGHT... THE DIFFERENCE IS THAT YOU AIN'T GETTIN' OUT!



MEANWHILE...

THIS NEW-FANGLED BOAT PROPELLOR THAT POP INVENTED WOULD SINK ANY SHIP... BUT IT CUTS THROUGH DIRT LIKE THE STUFF WAS BUTTER!



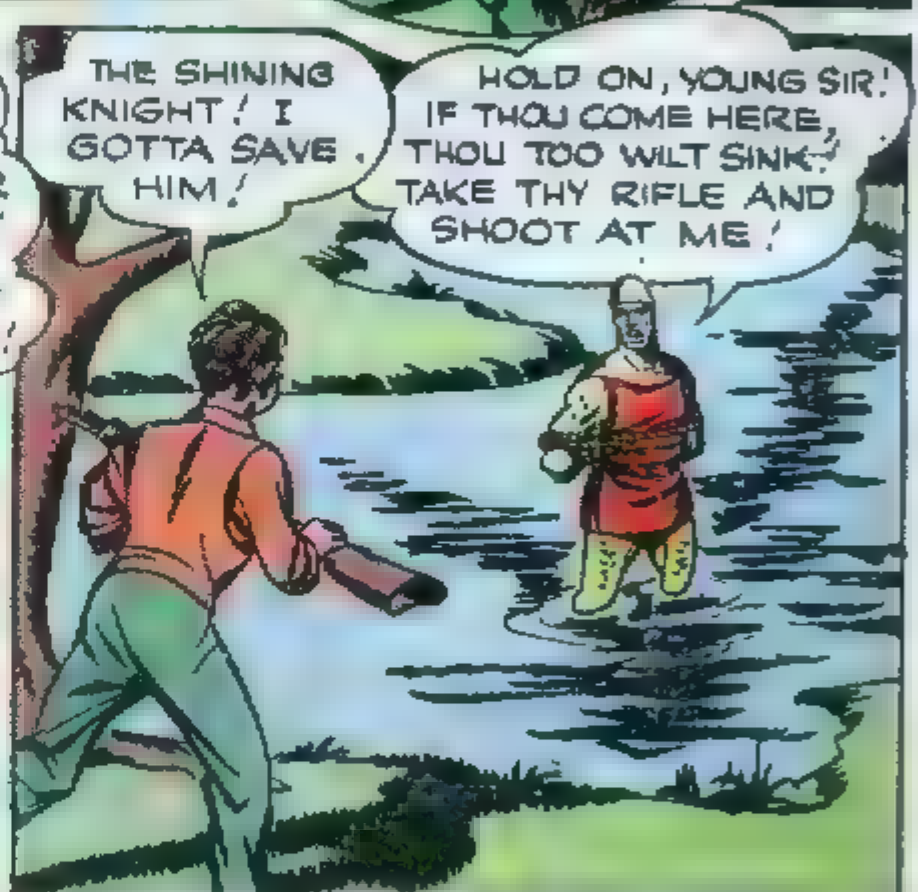
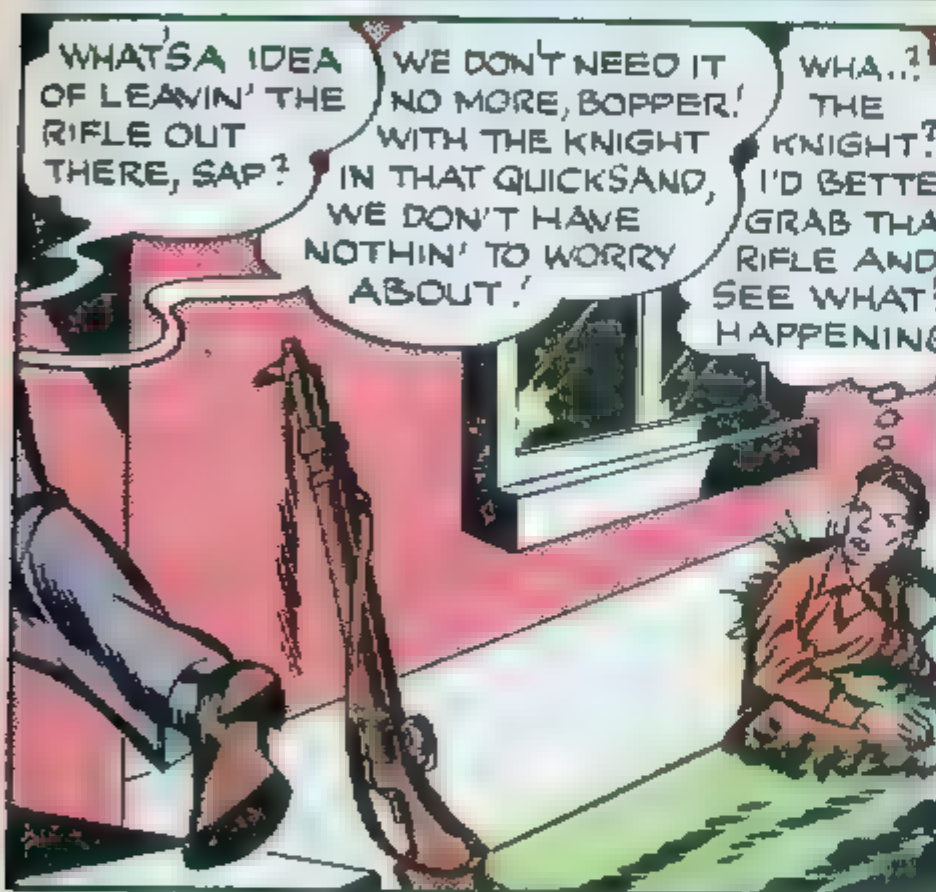
WHAT'S A IDEA OF LEAVIN' THE RIFLE OUT THERE, SAP?

WE DON'T NEED IT NO MORE, BOPPER! WITH THE KNIGHT IN THAT QUICKSAND, WE DON'T HAVE NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!

WHA...? THE KNIGHT? I'D BETTER GRAB THAT RIFLE AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!

THE SHINING KNIGHT! I GOTTA SAVE HIM!

HOLD ON, YOUNG SIR! IF THOU COME HERE, THOU TOO WILT SINK! TAKE THY RIFLE AND SHOOT AT ME!



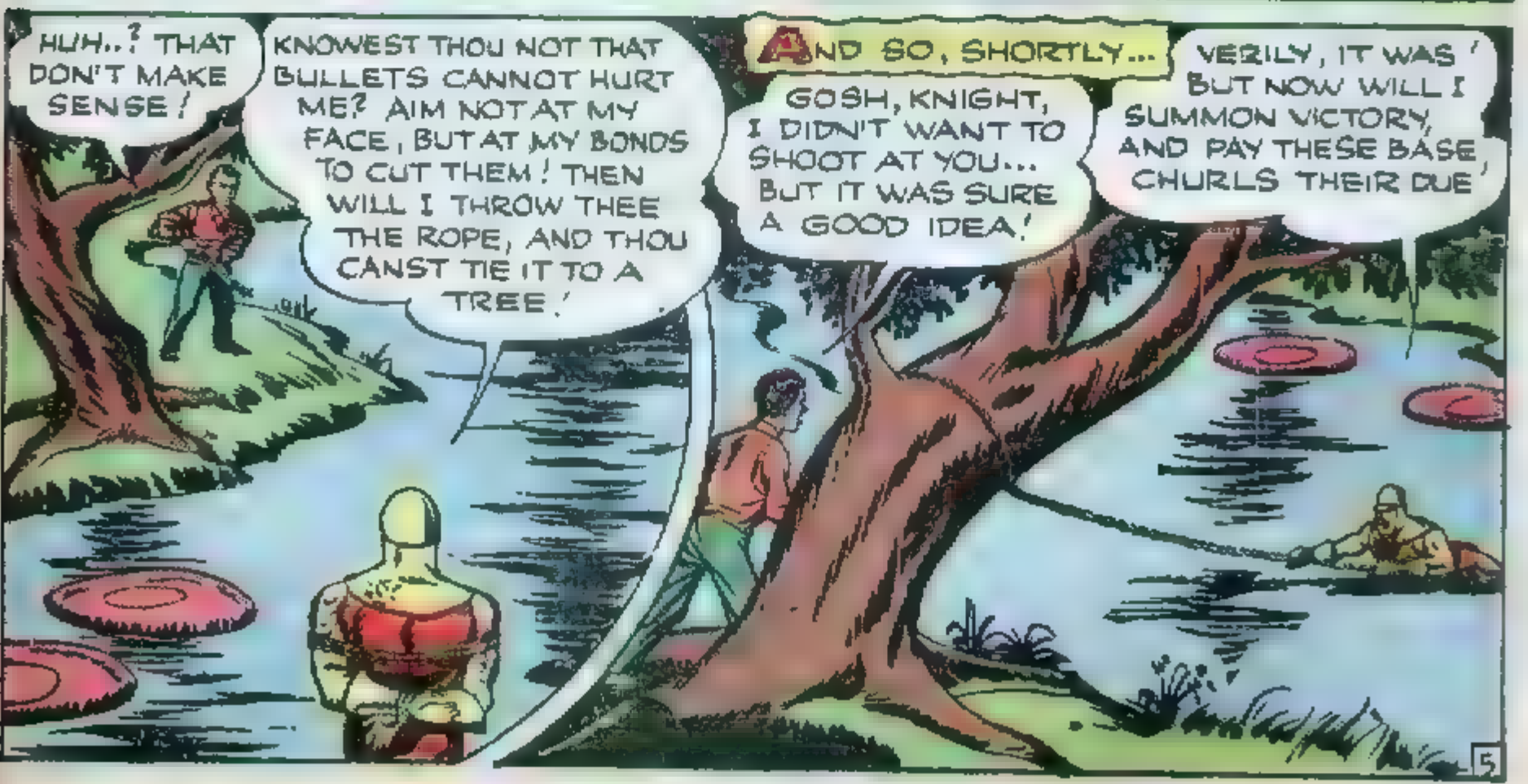
HUH...? THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE!

KNOWEST THOU NOT THAT BULLETS CANNOT HURT ME? AIM NOT AT MY FACE, BUT AT MY BONDS TO CUT THEM! THEN WILL I THROW THEE THE ROPE, AND THOU CANST TIE IT TO A TREE!

AND SO, SHORTLY...

GOSH, KNIGHT, I DIDN'T WANT TO SHOOT AT YOU... BUT IT WAS SURE A GOOD IDEA!

VERILY, IT WAS! BUT NOW WILL I SUMMON VICTORY, AND PAY THESE BASE CHURLS THEIR DUE!



THE CRACK! CRACK! OF SEVERAL RIFLE SHOTS... AND WITHIN THE HOUSE, THREE STARTLED SCOUNDRELS SCENT THEIR DOOM!

WHAT'S THAT SHOOTIN'?

IT CAME FROM RIGHT OUTSIDE... SOMEHOW THE KNIGHT MUSTA GOT HOLD OF THAT RIFLE!

THAT MUST BE HIM NOW!

PRESENTLY...

THAT'S THE HAT FROM THE ROOF, YA SAP! THE KNIGHT'S PULLIN' AN OLD TRICK... BUT HE AIN'T FOOLIN' US! KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM...

SUDDENLY...

FOR THAT, ROGUE, THOU MUST HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF THY HEAD!

HUH..?

GEE, KNIGHT, TO THINK I GOT A CHANCE TO SEE YOU IN ACTION!

I DON'T GET IT! THE KNIGHT AND THE KID CAME IN THROUGH THE WINDOW... THEN WHO'S HOLDIN' THE HAT?

CAN YOU GUESS? AFTER SIR JUSTIN'S MIGHTY MUSCLES AND FLASHING FISTS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK...

GOOD WORK, BRAVE VICTORY! THEY THOUGHT 'T WAS I HIDING BEHIND THE DOOR...

SO YOU WERE ABLE TO COME IN THROUGH A WINDOW AND CATCH THEM BY SURPRISE! GOSH, VICTORY SURE IS A CLEVER HORSE, KNIGHT!

LATER, AS THE CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY DEPARTS...

GOOD-BYE, KNIGHT! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!

FAREWELL, BRAVE LAD... I OWE THEE MUCH INDEED!

AND ONCE MORE, A LONE OBJECT LIES NEGLECTED...WAITING TO PLAY AGAIN ITS ROLE IN THE FORTUNES OF MANKIND!

STARRING

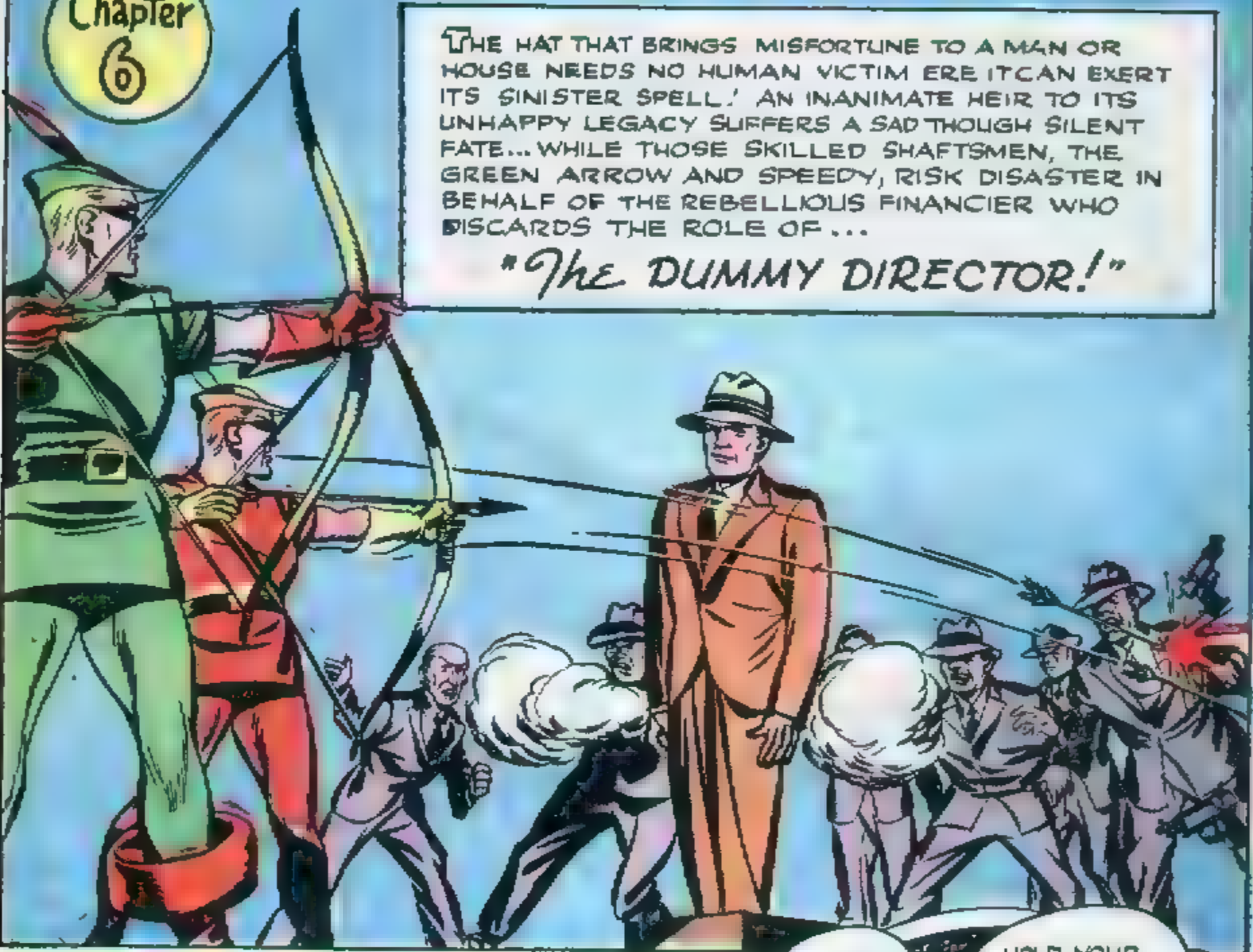
The GREEN ARROW

and SPEEDY

Chapter
6

THE HAT THAT BRINGS MISFORTUNE TO A MAN OR HOUSE NEEDS NO HUMAN VICTIM ERE IT CAN EXERT ITS SINISTER SPELL! AN INANIMATE HEIR TO ITS UNHAPPY LEGACY SUFFERS A SAD THOUGH SILENT FATE... WHILE THOSE SKILLED SHAFTSMEN, THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY, RISK DISASTER IN BEHALF OF THE REBELLIOUS FINANCIER WHO DISCARDS THE ROLE OF ...

"The DUMMY DIRECTOR!"



EVER GO PICNICKING? YOUR PLEASURES MAY INCLUDE SUNBURN, POISON IVY, ANTS IN YOUR FOOD, AND OCCASIONALLY AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY, SUCH AS THIS!

HEY, POP, LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

JUNIOR, THROW IT AWAY... IT'S DIRTY!

WILBUR TIMMINS, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO WEAR THAT FILTHY OLD THING!

HOLD YOUR HORSES, MARY LOU... IT'S A GOOD HAT, ONCE IT'S CLEANED! NOT THAT I'M GONNA WEAR IT MYSELF... BUT I KNOW WHO IS!



AND ON THE FOLLOWING MONDAY...

THAT HAT SURE DRESSES YOU UP, DUMMY, OLD BOY... IT'S JUST WHAT YOU NEEDED!

WILBUR TIMMINS

FIRST CLASS SECOND HAND CLOTHES

A SAD COME-DOWN FOR THE ONCE PROUD PROPERTY OF HANDSOME HARRY! AND YET... THE FUTURE STILL HOLDS STRANGE THINGS IN STORE!

ARE YOU THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS STORE?

SURE... YOU WANT TO BUY SOME SECOND-HAND CLOTHES?

I WANT TO BUY THIS DUMMY, AND EVERYTHING HE'S WEARING!

WHA..? MISTER, ARE YOU TRYIN' TO KID ME?

NO, MR. TIMMINS, THIS MYSTERIOUS PURCHASER IS IN ERNEST. MOMENTS LATER...

565 WALL STREET, PLEASE!

THESE BIG-SHOT BUSINESS GUYS ARE ALL WHACKY! WHAT WOULD ANY SANE MAN WANT WITH THAT DUMMY?

WHA..? LOOK, OLIVER... ISN'T THAT MR. JORDAN, THE FINANCIER?

YES! BUT WHAT ON EARTH DOES HE EXPECT TO DO WITH THAT DUMMY?

WHAT INDEED? THAT SAME QUESTION IS PRESENTLY TO PUZZLE OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY HARPER... BETTER KNOWN AS THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY!

MAYBE HE WANTS IT FOR SOME SORT OF PRACTICAL JOKE! THEY SAY HE USED TO BE A PLAYBOY BEFORE HE WENT INTO WALL STREET!

I WONDER... ROY, I READ ABOUT A MEETING OF THE AMALGAMATED RUBBER CO.'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS SCHEDULED FOR THIS TIME... AND JORDAN IS A MEMBER OF THE BOARD. I'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

PRESENTLY...

THIS OFFICE IS DESERTED, SO THERE'S NO ONE TO CARE WHAT WE DO! NOW, IF THE BOARD MEETS IN THE USUAL ROOM...



AS THE MEETING OPENS...

GENTLEMEN, I'M TIRED OF BEING A MEMBER OF THIS BOARD OF DIRECTORS! THE ONLY THING WE DO IS WHAT WE'RE TOLD BY THE CHAIRMAN, MR. AKERS!



WE'RE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF DUMMIES... WITH THIS A DUMMY CORPORATION, CARRYING OUT HIS WILL! AND THE WORST OF IT IS... I DON'T THINK AKERS IS HONEST!

CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY, JORDAN!



YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME, AKERS... I'M QUITTING! IF YOU NEED SOMEBODY TO TAKE MY PLACE... HERE'S A REAL DUMMY FOR YOU!



I INTEND TO TAKE MY STORY TO THE POLICE AND HAVE THEM DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!

JUST A MINUTE, JORDAN... YOU'RE NOT LEAVING YET!

THAT'S RIGHT, PAL... YOU'RE IN CONFERENCE, AN' YOU'RE STAYIN' TILL IT'S OVER!

WHAT...?

YES, OLD MAN, I'VE NOTICED SOMETHING STRANGE IN YOUR BEHAVIOR OF LATE, AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT TRY TO QUIT! SO I HIRED THESE GENTLEMEN TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!



AND NOW I WANT THAT STOCK CERTIFICATE YOU OWN!

REALLY? WELL, I HAVEN'T GOT IT WITH ME!

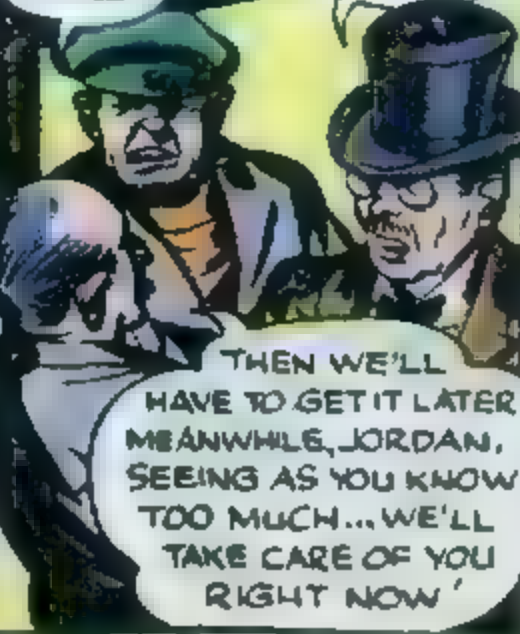
HE MUST BE LYIN', BOSS... I'LL FRISK 'IM AN' FIND OUT!



AFTER A RAPID SEARCH...

LOOKS LIKE HE WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH, BOSS... IT AIN'T HERE!

IT'S HOME-HOME IN MY SAFE!



THEN WE'LL HAVE TO GET IT LATER! MEANWHILE, JORDAN, SEEING AS YOU KNOW TOO MUCH... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU RIGHT NOW!

TAKE HIM AND HIS DUMMY FRIEND OUT THE BACK WAY! THE CAR'S WAITING!

SO I WAS RIGHT! YOU ARE A THIEF... AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO BECOME A MURDERER!

QUIET, SAP... DON'T YOU GO INSULTIN' DA BOSS!



WHILE AT A WINDOW IN A NEIGHBORING BUILDING...

I COULDN'T GET THE DETAILS, OLIVER. BUT I SAW ENOUGH TO REALIZE THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT!

AND HOW! TIME FOR THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY TO ENTER THE PICTURE, ROY!

MOMENTS LATER...

THEY TRIED TO SNEAK OUT THE BACK WAY... BUT THAT'S TOO OLD A TRICK TO FOOL US!

NOW WE'LL JUST HANG ON THEIR TRAIL AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!

A LONG DRIVE TO A DESERTED STRETCH OF COUNTRY ROAD, AND THEN...

WE'LL WRITE OUT A SUICIDE NOTE... DEN WE'LL SOCK HIM AND THROW HIM INTO THE RIVER!

LIKE WE TROW DIS DUMMY... AN' DERE WON'T BE NOBODY IN DA WORLD WHO KIN PROVE IT AINT SUICIDE!

EXCELLENT! PROCEED, MY GOOD MAN!

BUT AS AN UNCONSCIOUS BODY HITS THE WATER...

WE GOT A BAD BREAK, G.A. WHEN THE MOON HID BEHIND A CLOUD! ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE NEAR HERE?

FAIRLY SURE, SPEEDY... THEY MADE PLENTY OF TURNS, BUT THEY WERE CLEARLY HEADED FOR THE RIVER... WHAT'S THAT?

SPLASH!

THE ARROWPLANE TURNS SWIFTLY, AND GLARING HEADLIGHTS SWEEP THE SULLEN SURFACE...

LOOK, G.A.... SOMEBODY FELL IN!

SOME-BODY WAS THROWN IN... BUT WE'LL GET HIM OUT IN A MINUTE!

A MASTER'S BOWSTRING TWANGS, AND A WHIZZING ARROWLINE STRIKES THROUGH SODDEN CLOTHES!

THAT GOT HIM... NOW WE'LL PULL HIM IN!

AS I EXPECTED... JORDAN! AND HE'S STILL BREATHING!

AND WITH THE MOON COMING OUT, I CAN MAKE OUT SOME DIM FIGURES ON THE BRIDGE, G.A... THEY MUST BE AKERS AND HIS THUGS!

THE TOUCH OF A FINGER ON A HIDDEN BUTTON, AND A POWERFUL SPRING CATAPULTS THE WIZARD ARCHERS INTO ACTION!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM RIGHT NOW!

SIT DOWN, CHUM... THE SHOW'S JUST BEGINNING!

HEY... THE GREEN ARROW!

AND SPEEDY...OR CAN'T YOU SEE ME WITH THAT FIST IN YOUR EYE?

OWWWW!

BUT AS THE COMBAT RAGES, A FRIGHTENED FINANCIER RUNS FOR SAFETY!

THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY! WHATEVER PUT THEM ON MY TRAIL?

AND NEXT MOMENT...

BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER...THIS'LL BE THE END OF THEM!

SPEEDY... LOOK OUT!

WHEW... THAT WAS CLOSE!

SO THEY THINK THEY'RE GETTING AWAY, DO THEY? I'LL SHOW THEM!

THE LIGHT ISN'T ANY TOO GOOD... BUT THE CURRENT'S SLOW, AND IF I KEEP FIRING I'M SURE TO...

WHAT'S THAT?

BANG! BANG!

I'VE HIT THEM BOTH! I'LL JUST WAIT A FEW MINUTES TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T COME UP AGAIN, AND THEN LEAVE WITH MY MEN!

LONG MINUTES DRAG BY,
AND THEN...

THE CAR'S LEAVING! THEY THINK WE'RE DROWNED!

THEY DON'T REALIZE WE SURFACE-DIVED AND THEN SWAM BACK UPSTREAM, TO TAKE SHELTER UNDER THIS BRIDGE! BUT WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE ARROWPLANE!



SECONDS LATER...

THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY! SO IT'S YOU WHO SAVED ME!

YES, WE MANAGED TO DO THAT... BUT ANKERS AND HIS MEN ESCAPED! THEY'LL PROBABLY GO INTO HIDING...



NO, THEY WON'T ... NOT IF THEY THINK I'M DEAD! THEY WANT THAT STOCK CERTIFICATE I HAD... AND I TOLD THEM IT WAS IN MY SAFE!

AND YOU THINK THEY'LL GO AFTER THAT AT ONCE? GOOD... WE'LL MEET THEM!



A ROCKETING ARROWPLANE CAREENS THROUGH DESERTED CITY STREETS, AND SOON...

SO YOU SAY THE CERTIFICATE ISN'T... WHA..?

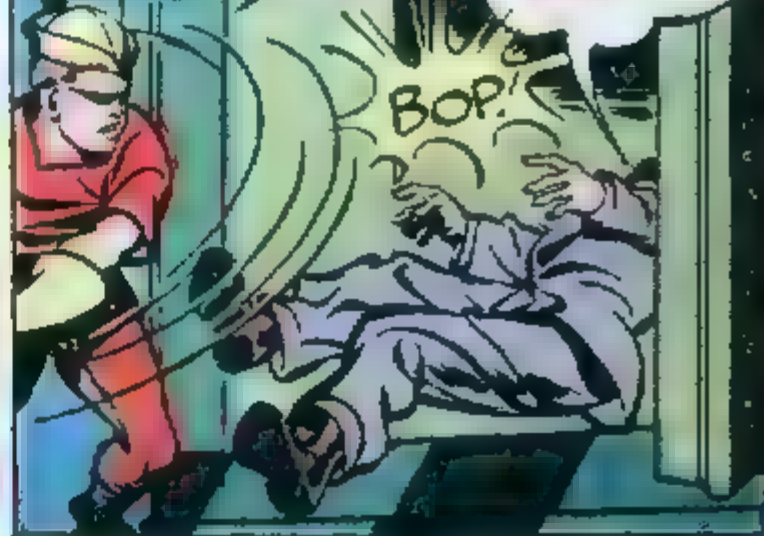
THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY AGAIN... I THOUGHT THEY WERE DROWNED!

YOU'RE ALL WET, CHUM... WE MERELY HID UNDER THE BRIDGE!



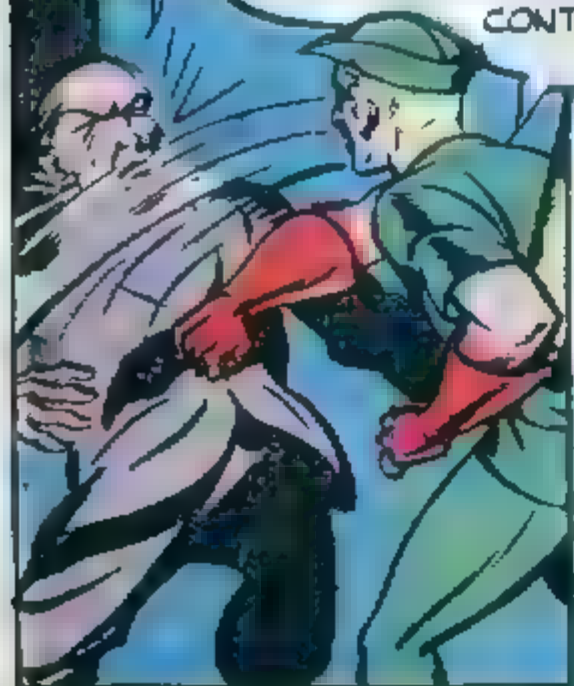
IT WAS THE ONE PLACE WHERE WE WERE SAFE!

BOOP!



OWWW... MY TEETH!

NOW, I COULD SAY, "HERE ARE A COUPLE OF ACHERS FOR YOU!" BUT I DON'T! THAT'S WHAT I CALL SELF-CONTROL!



AFTER THE CAPTIVES HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE...

SPENDID WORK, GREEN ARROW... NOW ANKERS AND THE OTHERS WILL GET WHAT THEY DESERVE! AND THE JOKE OF IT IS THAT THE STOCK CERTIFICATE NEVER WAS IN THE SAFE!

HUH...? THEN WHERE IS IT?

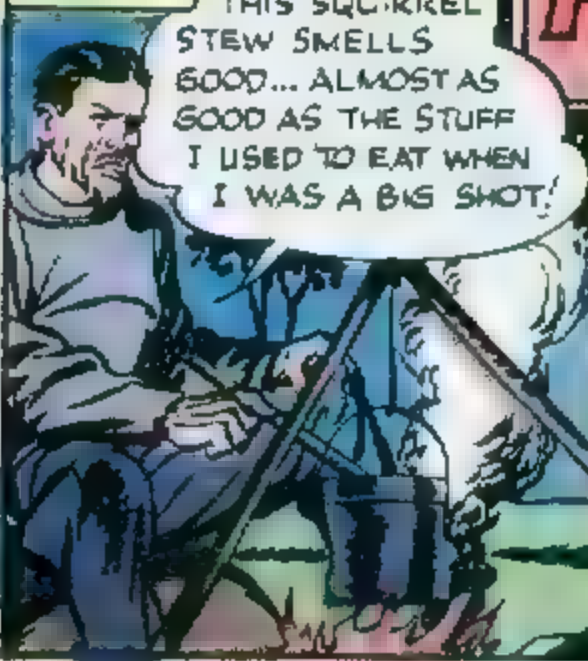


GONE FOREVER, I'M AFRAID! I PUT IT IN...



CAN YOU GUESS THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE STOCK CERTIFICATE? IT SHOULD BE EASY... AS YOU WILL LEARN ON THE NEXT PAGE!

IN HIS SUMMER HOME,
AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE
COOKS HIS NOONDAY
MEAL...



THIS SQUIRREL
STEW SMELLS
GOOD... ALMOST AS
GOOD AS THE STUFF
I USED TO EAT WHEN
I WAS A BIG SHOT!

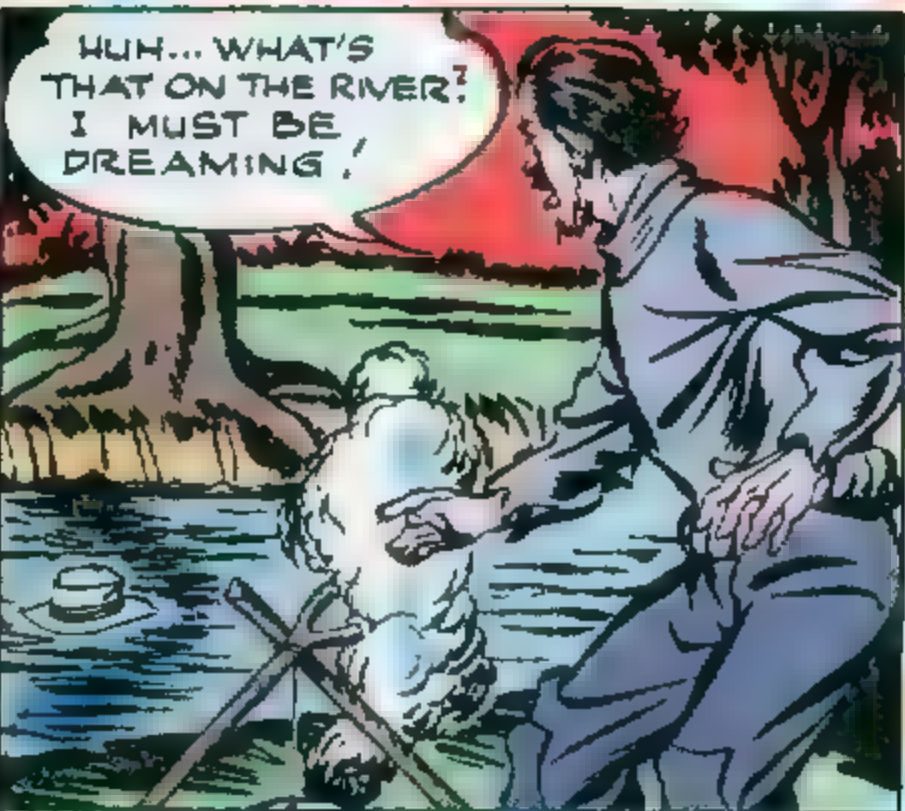
CHAPTER 7 HAT'S HAVEN

RECOGNIZE HIM? IT'S HARRY THE
HOB... ONCE KNOWN AND FEARED
AS HANDSOME HARRY!



I'D STILL BE A BIG
SHOT IF IT WASN'T FOR
THE SEVEN SOLDIERS
OF VICTORY... AND MY
LOSING THAT HAT! WHEN
I FORGOT TO TAKE IT
WITH ME THAT NIGHT,
I SAID GOODBYE
TO LADY LUCK!

AND YET, WITH MY
BRAINS, I COULD GET
TO THE TOP AGAIN...
IF I JUST HAD ONE
BREAK! ALL I WANT
IS A START,
AND...

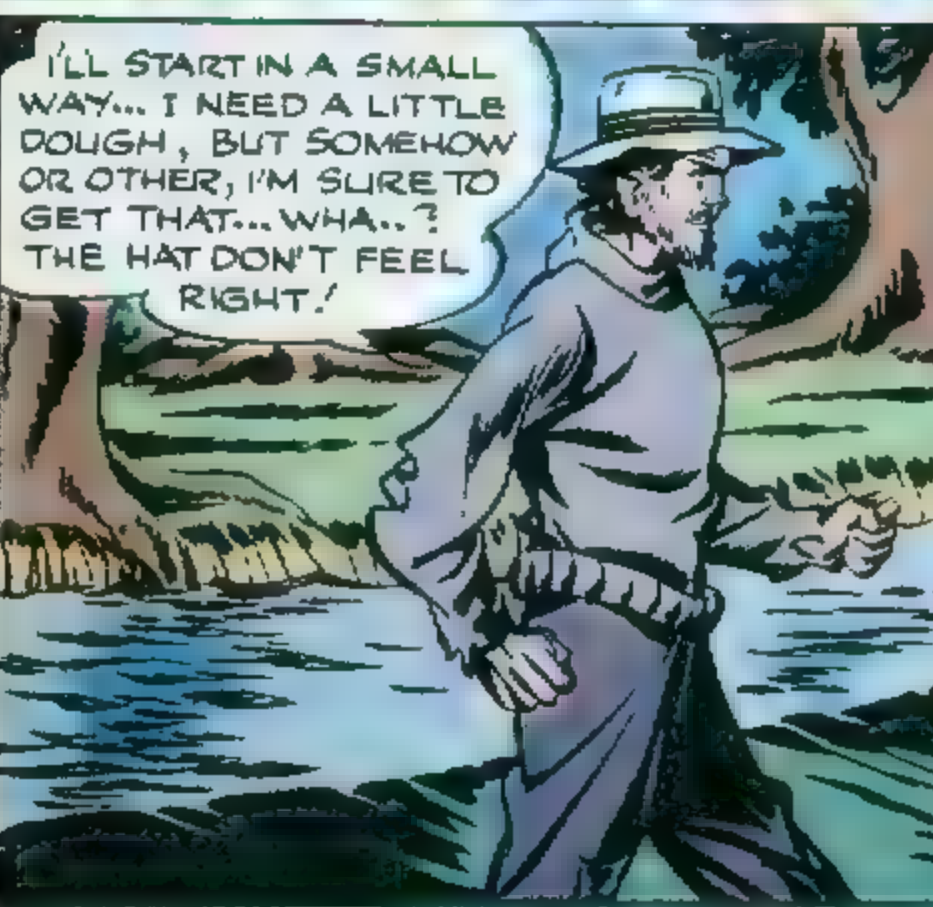


HUH... WHAT'S
THAT ON THE RIVER?
I MUST BE
DREAMING!

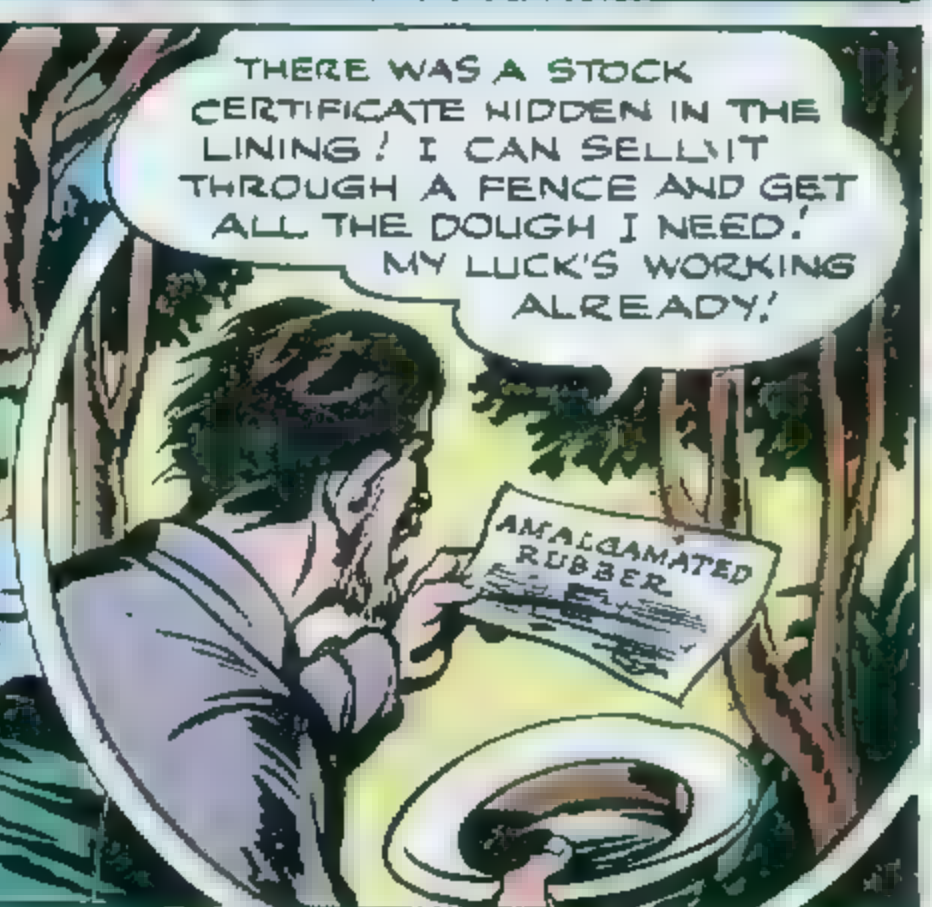
NO HARRY, IT'S NO DREAM... YOUR HAT
HAS RETURNED TO YOU! BUT HAS IT
BROUGHT THE GOOD LUCK YOU EXPECT?
ONLY TIME WILL TELL!



IT'S THE BREAK I
WAS LOOKING FOR! MY
GOOD LUCK IS WITH ME
AGAIN! NOW NOTHING
CAN HOLD ME
BACK...
NOTHING!



I'LL START IN A SMALL
WAY... I NEED A LITTLE
DOUGH, BUT SOMEHOW
OR OTHER, I'M SURE TO
GET THAT... WHA...?
THE HAT DON'T FEEL
RIGHT!



THERE WAS A STOCK
CERTIFICATE HIDDEN IN THE
LINING! I CAN SELL IT
THROUGH A FENCE AND GET
ALL THE DOUGH I NEED!
MY LUCK'S WORKING
ALREADY!

AMALGAMATED
RUBBER

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT THE HAT WHICH BRINGS MISFORTUNE TO OTHERS HAS THE OPPOSITE EFFECT ON ITS FIRST OWNER? IT WOULD SEEM SO, FOR SHORTLY...

I THINK YOU'RE DOING A WONDERFUL JOB!

YES, LADY, I WAS A HOBO ONCE MYSELF, AND I KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE AN OUTCAST!

HERE'S A SMALL SUM THAT WILL HELP YOU CARRY ON YOUR WORK

THANKS, LADY... I'LL REMEMBER YOU FOR THIS!

BOYS, TONIGHT WE CRACK THE SAFE OF THIS MRS. BILTWELL WHO GAVE ME THE CHECK! I'VE BEEN TO HER HOUSE... AND I KNOW THE LAYOUT, LIKE MY OWN HAND!

BOSS, THIS HOBO REFORM RACKET, SURE HELPS US GET PLACES!

HAVEN FOR HOMELESS HOBOES

SO IT DOES! AS TIME GOES BY...

ER, I'M MR. DRESSER, PRESIDENT OF JONES COLLEGE! I'M VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN YOUR EDUCATIONAL WORK, MR. HARRY!

THANKS, MR. DRESSER! THIS COLLEGE FOR HOBOES WAS MY IDEA!

HOBO COLLEGE

I FIGURED... INSTEAD OF HAVING THE POOR FELLOWS SPONGE ON OTHER PEOPLE, WHY NOT HELP THEM TO EARN THEIR OWN LIVING? THAT'S WHAT I DO HERE... TEACH THEM TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!

A SPLENDID IDEA... SPLENDID!

NOT SO SPLENDID, MR. DRESSER! THIS IS HOW HOBO COLLEGE GRADUATES TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!

STOLEN GOODS - EVERY BIT OF IT!

AND ONE EVENING...

HELP, ROBBERS, POLICE!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, CHUM... DERE AINT NO COPS AROUND! I MADE SURE OF DAT BEFOREHAND!

BUT AS AN OVERCONFIDENT CRIMINAL LEAPS LIGHTLY TO EARTH...

COME ON SLUGGER... I'M GETTIN' TIRED WAITIN'!

HELP, POLICE!

SOME-THING'S UP, DOWN THERE, STRIPESY! WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK!

DA BRAKES, QUICK... DEM SAPS IS GONNA BUMP US!

PERFECT, STRIPESY! NOW WE'D BETTER GET READY FOR SOME ACTION!

DON'T HIT ME, KID... I GIVE UP!

GOSH, AND I WANTED SOME EXERCISE!

IN COURT...

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, YOUR HONOR... I'VE EXAMINED THE LOOT, AND IT ALL CAME FROM MY HOUSE! THE DEFENDANTS ARE THE ONES WHO ROBBED ME!

JUST A MINUTE, YOUR HONOR!

ACCORDING TO SECTION 7, PARAGRAPH 3 OF THE STATE CODE, IN ALL CASES INVOLVING A FELONY WHERE TRESPASS IS ALLEGED..

HUH..? WHAT'S ALL THIS RIGMAROLE, KID?

I'VE GOT AN UNEASY FEELING, STRIPESY... WE MAY BE IN FOR AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE!

AND THEREFORE, YOUR HONOR, INASMUCH AS THE PROSECUTION HAS NEGLECTED TO PRESENT THE AFORESAID EVIDENCE IN THE PRESCRIBED MANNER...

HMM, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT... I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO DIRECT A VERDICT OF EQUITALL!

WHA..? JUST BECAUSE THE D.A. LEFT OUT A COUPLA WOIDS IN THE INDICTMENT?

WHY, THE DOITY RATS... JUST LEMME GET MY HANDS ON THEM, AND I'LL...

YOU'LL DO NOTHING, STRIPESY! THIS SITUATION REQUIRES THE USE OF OUR HEADS, NOT OUR HANDS!

IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, GUILTY MEN HAVE BEEN ESCAPING JUSTICE FOR SOME TIME NOW... AND THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT IT! HOW CAN TWO CHEAP CROOKS AFFORD TO HIRE SO EXPENSIVE A LAWYER?

HUH...? GEE, KID, YOU'RE RIGHT! DO YA THINK...?

THERE'S THIS AND OTHER EVIDENCE THAT SOME BIG CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION IS IN OPERATION! OUR COURSE IS CLEAR! IT'S TIME THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY MEET AGAIN!

THUS, ONCE MORE THE LEGIONNAIRES ASSEMBLE!

GENTLEMEN, THE STAR-SPANGLED KID IS CORRECT! EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED OF LATE INDICATES THAT SUCH AN ORGANIZATION DOES EXIST!

RIGHT, PARDNER! STAMP OUT ONE NEST OF VARMINTS AND ANOTHER ONE SPRINGS UP OVERNIGHT!

BUT WHAT IS THE SOURCE OF ALL THIS EVIL? IT AVAILS US NOUGHT TO KNOW MERELY THAT IT EXISTS

PERHAPS I'VE GOT A CLUE TO THE ANSWER! I'VE BEEN STUDYING THE RECORDS OF SOME OF THE CRIMINALS... AND I FIND THAT MANY OF THEM HAVE PREVIOUSLY BEEN ARRESTED FOR VAGRANCY!

IN OTHER WORDS... CROOKS ONE TIME HOBOES!

HUH...? YOU THINK, AVENGER, THAT MAYBE THIS HOBO COLLEGE IS CONNECTED WITH THE SET-UP?

YES, STRIPESY, I DO! AND THERE'S A SURE WAY TO FIND OUT!

THUS, SHORTLY... BOSS, HERE'S DA NEW FRESHMAN CLASS! DEY'RE WAITIN' FER A SPEECH OF WELCOME!

KIWOODLIN' COYOTES... THAT'S A MIGHTY OLD HAT FOR A PRESIDENT TO BE WEARIN'!

MEN, HOBO COLLEGE WELCOMES YOU TO ITS HALLOWED HALLS! YOU COME HERE LONELY AND FRIENDLESS...

THAT VOICE... THAT FACE... THAT HAT! IT'S HANDSOME HARRY!

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE HOBO DORMITORY...

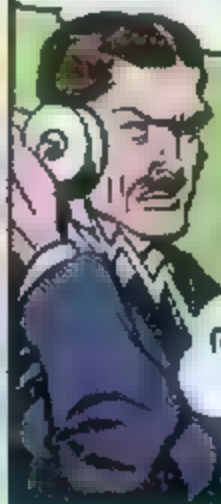
BOYS, NOW THAT WE'VE RECOGNIZED HANDSOME HARRY, THERE'S NO NEED TO WAIT AND GATHER EVIDENCE! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ON HIM TO SEND HIM TO JAIL RIGHT NOW!

AND WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY, HIS ENTIRE ORGANIZATION WILL FALL TO PIECES, EXACTLY AS BEFORE!



WHILE IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT...

SOME OF THOSE FRESHMEN LOOKED ALMOST TOO TOUGH! I'LL JUST LISTEN IN ON THEM WITH THIS DICTAPHONE, AND... WHA-?



NOW THAT WE'VE RECOGNIZED HANDSOME HARRY...

THEY KNOW ME... AND THEY'RE AFTER ME!



A TREMBLING FINGER FUMBLE FRANTICALLY FOR A BUTTON, AND A SHRILL CLAMOR AROUSES THE CAMPUS!

WE WON'T BOTHER WITH THE SMALL FRY, PARDONERS... WHAT'S THAT?

RRRRRIINNNGG



AN ALARM! MAYBE HARRY CAUGHT WISE TO US! WE'D BETTER ACT BEFORE HE CAN GET HIS MEN TOGETHER!

THERE WOULD HAVE TO BE AN ALARM JUST WHEN I'M READY TO DEMONSTRATE... WHA...? THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY?

RIGHT, CHUM... WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THAT CHEMISTRY DEMONSTRATION FOR YOU! READY, SPEEDY?



TWO BOWSTRINGS TWANG AND TWO SLENDER SHAFTS WHIZ THROUGH THE AIR IN UNISON...

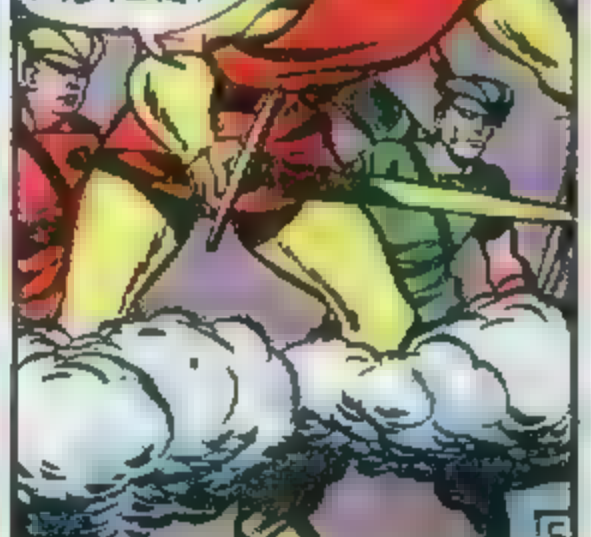
READY, G.A.! WE'LL TAKE THAT BOTTLE...

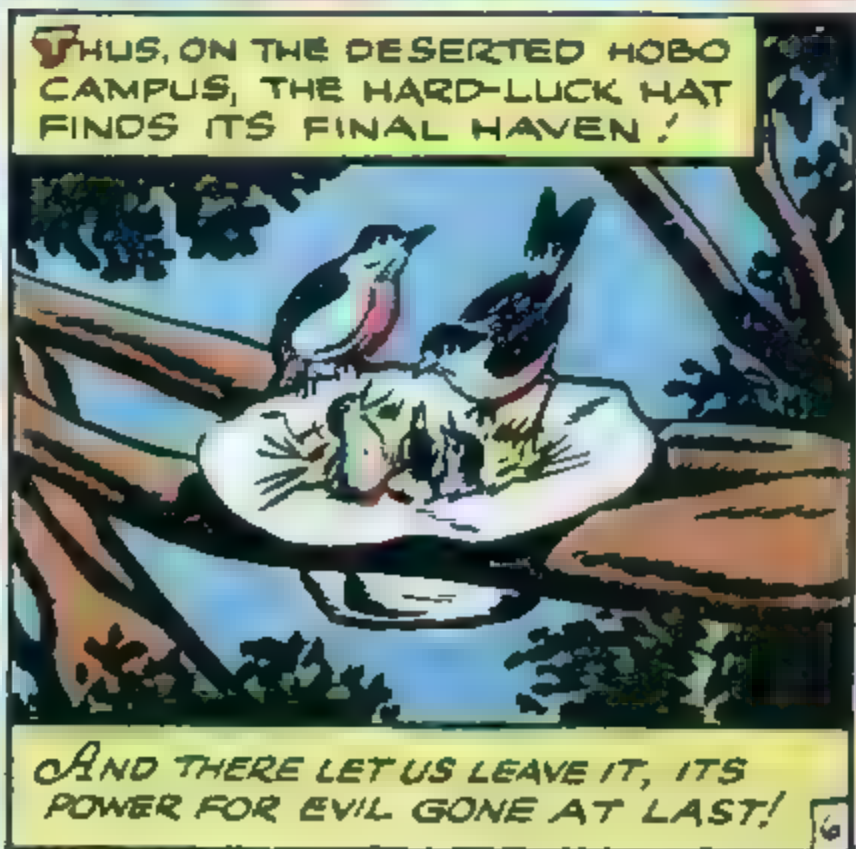
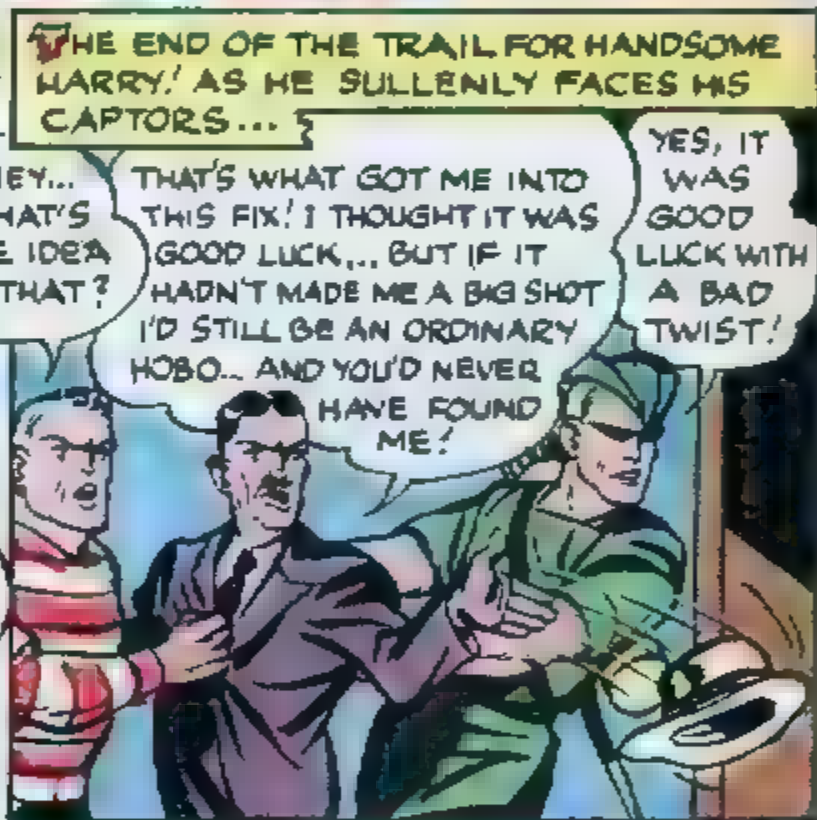
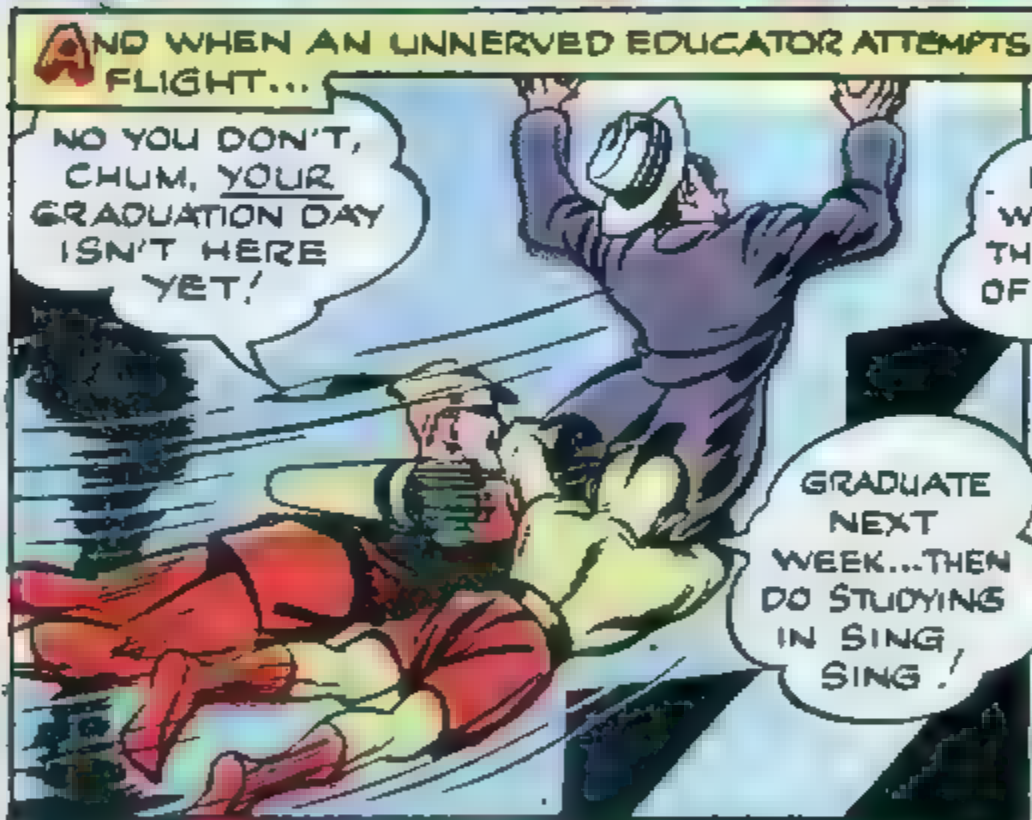
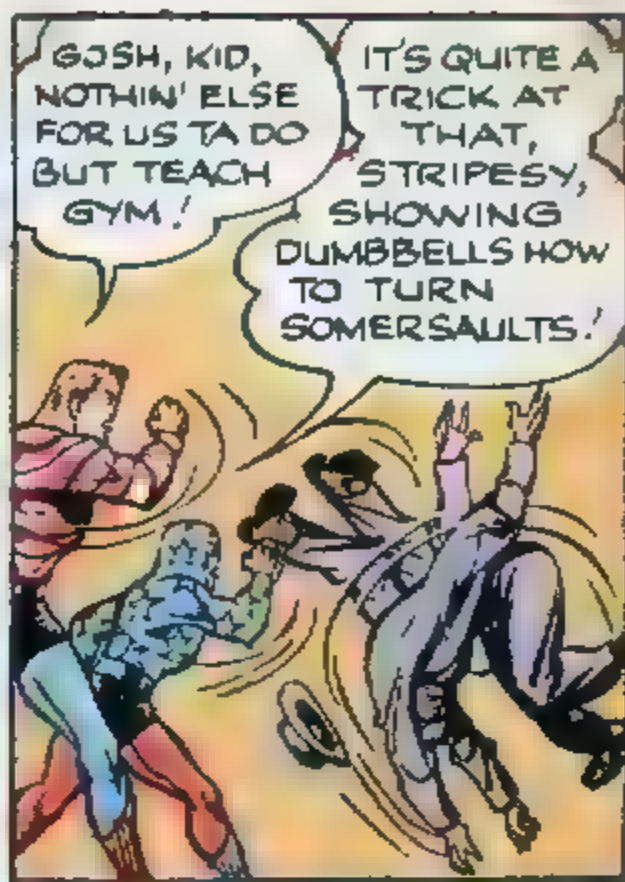
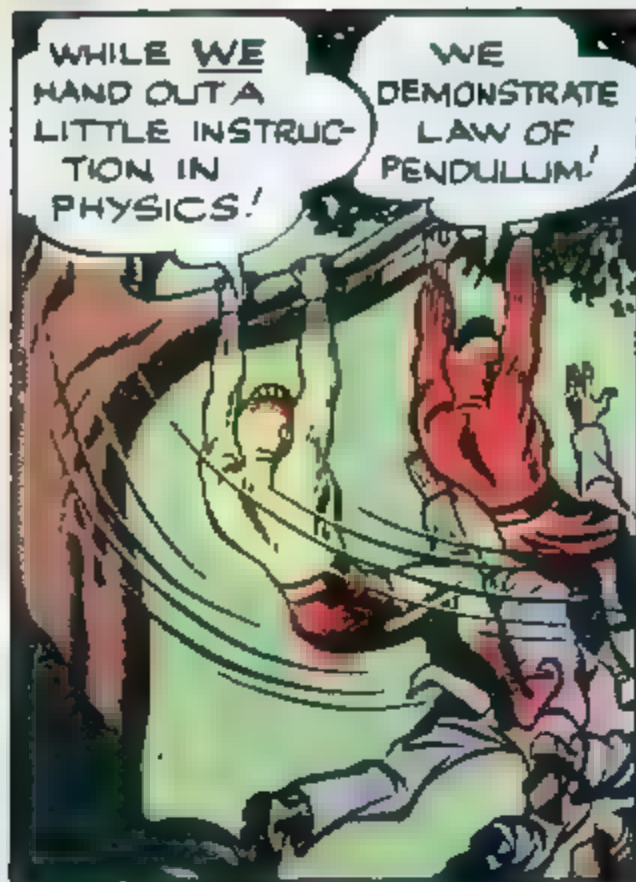


AND SHOW EVERYBODY THAT PHOSPHINE BURSTS INTO FLAME WHEN IT HITS THE AIR!



WELL DONE, COMRADES! NOW TEACH I THESE ROGUES LESSONS FROM ANCIENT HISTORY!





AND THERE LET US LEAVE IT, ITS POWER FOR EVIL GONE AT LAST!



[SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER]

FREE!

Supermarine Spitfire-V
Focke-Wulf-190

WITH 2 WHEATIES BOX TOPS
FLYING FIGHTERS
EASY-TO-BUILD • EASY-TO-FLY • EASY-TO-GET

You build these amazing new planes yourself. You fly and fight authentic models of two super aircraft. The dauntless British Supermarine Spitfire-V with full-color, official RAF markings. And the tough German Focke-Wulf-190 with the sinister insignia of the Nazi Luftwaffe.

Easy to build. You receive complete unassembled models, laid out on specially treated cover stock. The plane designs are drawn to characteristic proportion, clearly and expertly marked for cutting and gluing. A top notch assembly job takes about two hours.

Easy to fly. Your Spitfire and Focke-Wulf-190 fighters **actually fly.** Yes, your model ships are designed to glide and soar forty feet or more when launched by hand. They're built for speed and real maneuverability. And they're built for ruggedness, too. You can fly your planes on hundreds of missions—in-

doors and out—without serious damage to the ships.

Easy to get. Full cutout material for your planes is ready to speed to you by return mail. Follow the simple directions below. But act now. At once.

Your extra dividend for eating Wheaties—that's what these model planes are. Once you get next to Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit, you'll wonder why you didn't start eating 'em before. Whole wheat flakes with a "second helping" flavor. That's Wheaties—your dish!

LIMITED OFFER SEND NO MONEY!

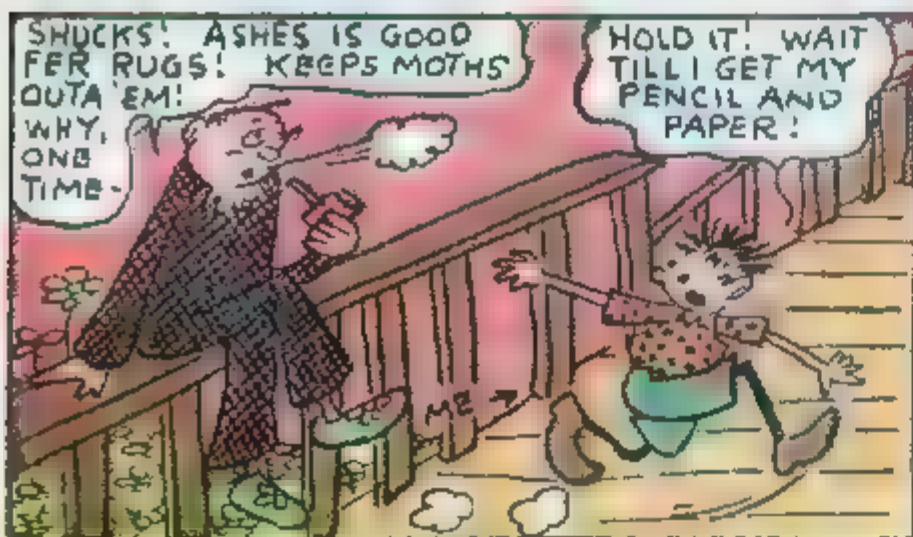
To obtain two complete assembly kits for your flying model Spitfire and Focke-Wulf, send your name and address with two Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 7800, Chicago, Illinois. Send no money—put your dimes in War Stamps. But remember this special offer is good only while limited supplies last, or until July 1, 1944. So send today!



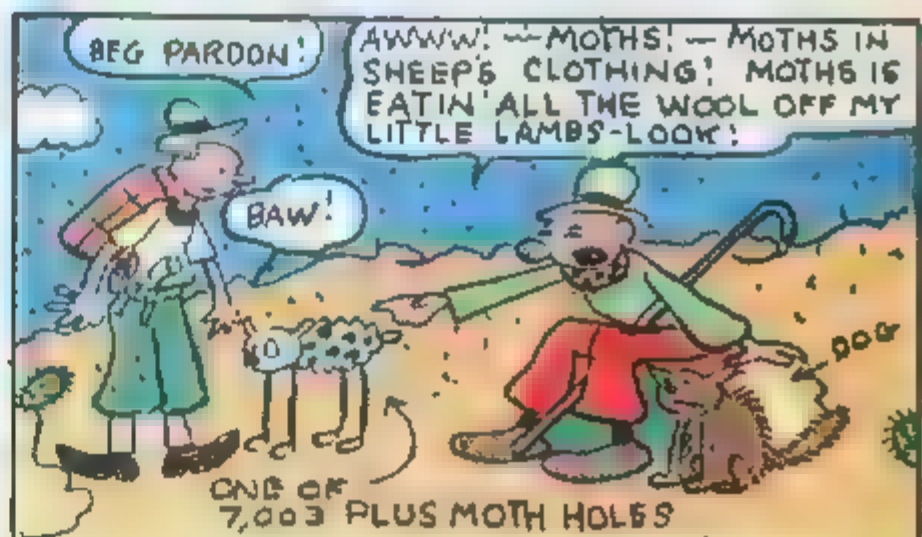
"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

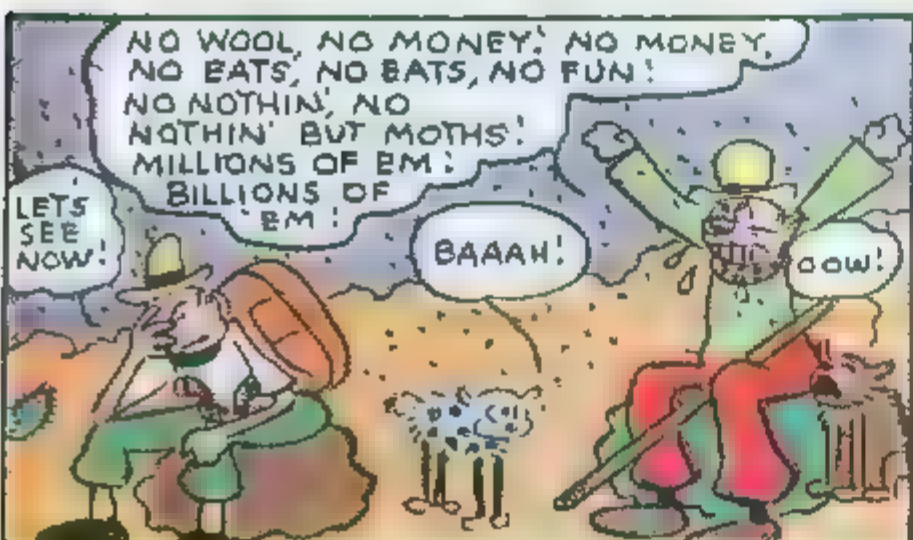
GRANDPA PETERS



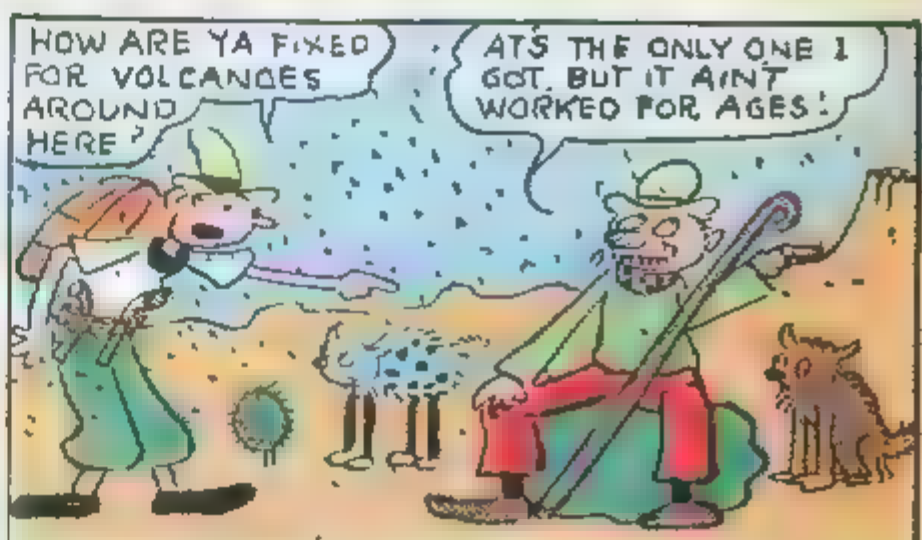
MY GRANDPA CLEM PETERS DROPPED SOME PIPE ASHES ON AUNTIE MINERVA'S RUG AND SHE SHOOED HIM OUT ON THE FRONT PORCH WHERE HE GOT REMINDED OF QUITE AN EXPERIENCE.



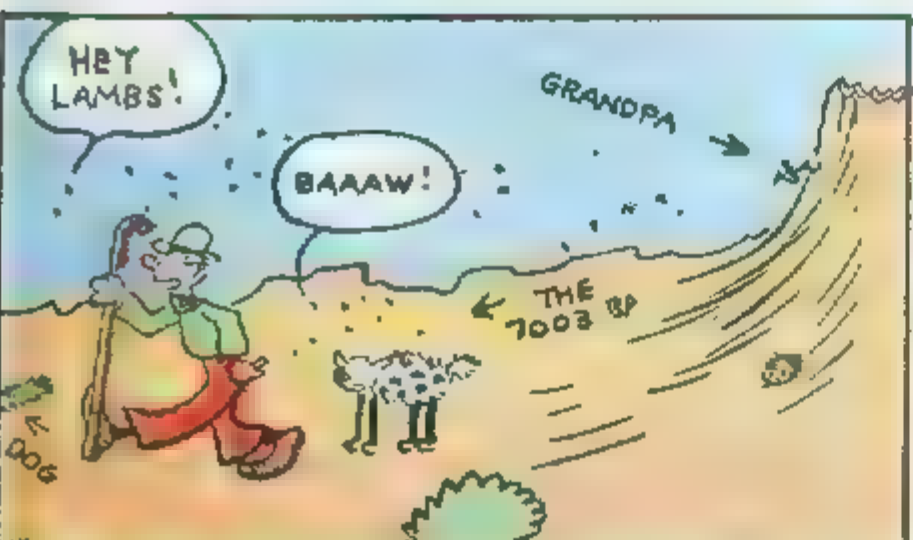
IT SEEMS WHEN HE WAS IN THE WILD AND WOOLY WEST HE CAME ACROSS A SHEPHERD WHO HAD 7003 SHEEP AND THEY ALL HAD GREAT BIG MOTH HOLES IN THEIR WOOL - A VERY SAD SIGHT.



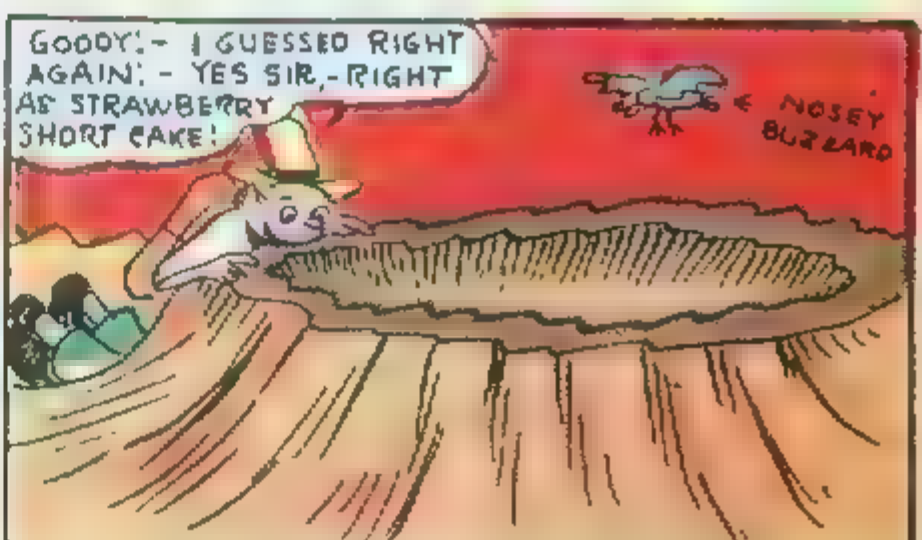
MR. SQUILTS WAS THE SHEPHERD'S NAME AND HE TOLD MY GRANDPA HE WOULD BE RUINED IF HE COULDN'T FIND SOME WAY TO GET RID OF THOSE MOTHS. MY GRANDPA STARTED TO THINK.



AND, LIKE BY A FLASH OF LIGHTNING HE GOT STRUCK WITH AN IDEA!! (NOTE - I HAVE NOT TIME TO DRAW A BILLION MOTHS IN THIS PICTURE, BUT HERE IS ONE → ← YOU CAN IMAGINE THE REST.)



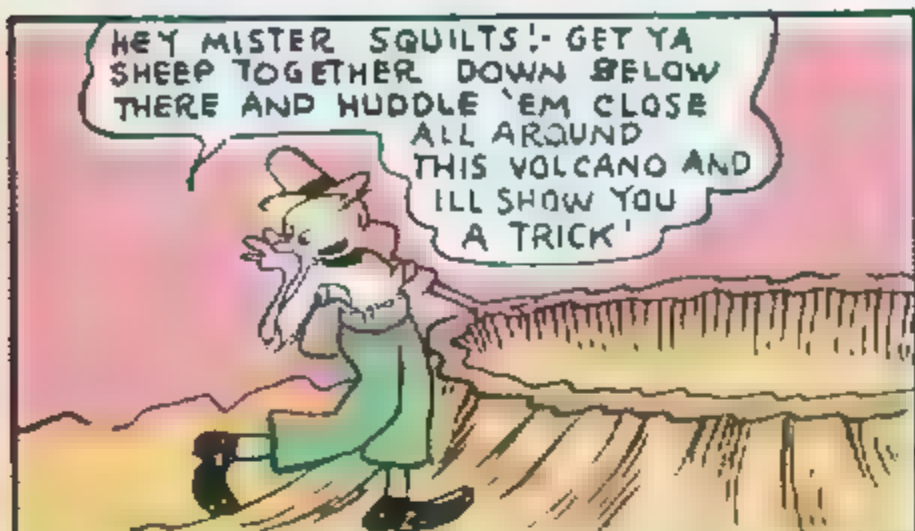
MR SQUILTS AND HIS DOG GOING AFTER THE REST OF HIS HERD, EXACTLY 7002, TO STAND THEM AROUND THE VOLCANO WHILE MY GRANDPA RUNS LICKITY-SPLIT UP THE SIDE OF IT TO TRY OUT HIS IDEA.



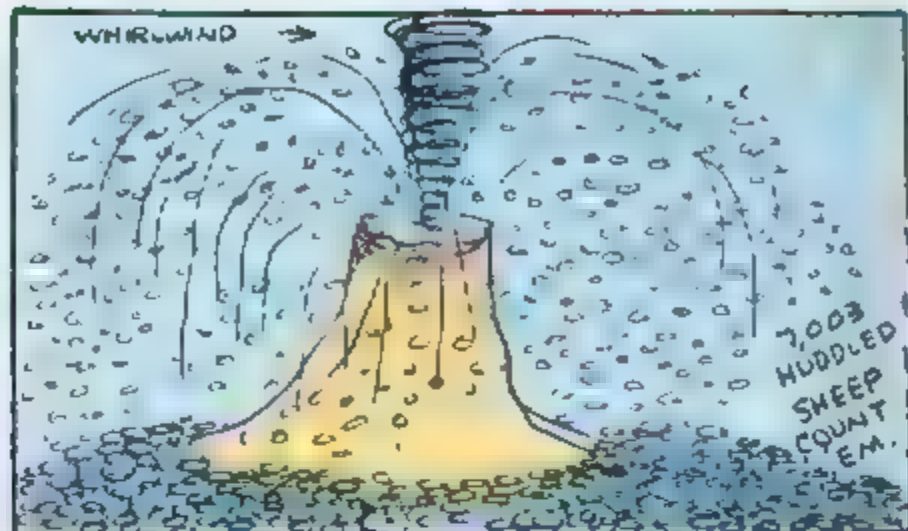
HE ADMITTED HE WAS NOT 110 PER CENT SURE HIS IDEA WAS GOING TO WORK, BUT TAKE A CHANCE PETERS WAS ONE OF HIS NICKNAMES IN THOSE DAYS AND LUCK WAS WITH HIM BECAUSE WHEN HE -

BY LEFTY GRADY

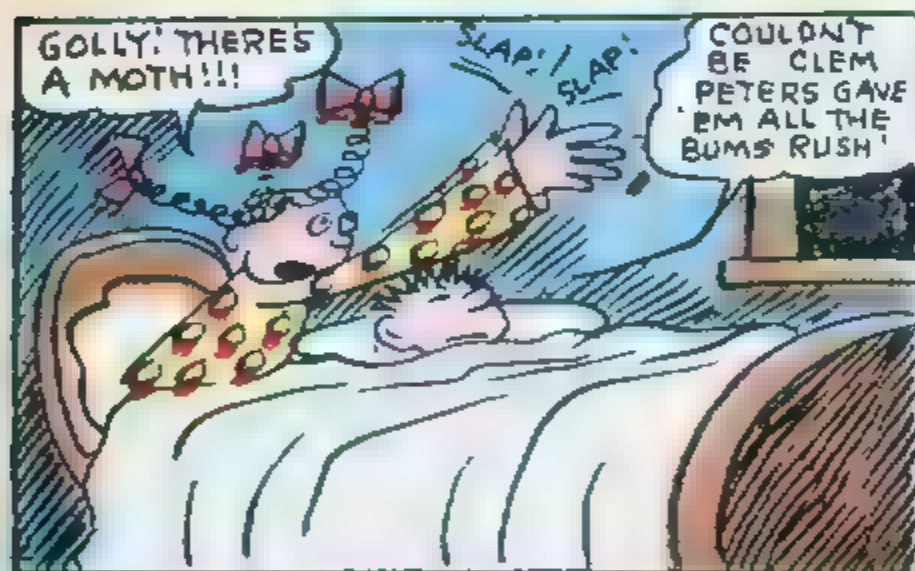
CHAMPION 9 7/8 YEARS
OLD SOUTH-PAW ARTIST
AND WRITER OF 313
ELM ST.
PERIODS, COMMAS AND
SPELLING BY
TOM MENAMARA



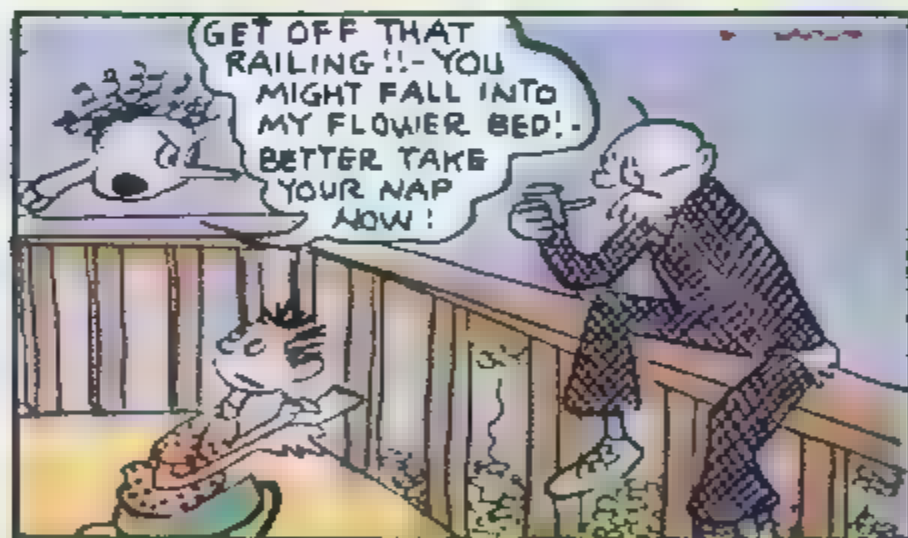
- PEEKED DOWN INSIDE HE SAW THERE WAS ASHES SCATTERED ALL OVER THE BOTTOM. NOW, ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS GET A WHIRLWIND DOWN THERE TO BLOW THEM OUT AND UP SO -



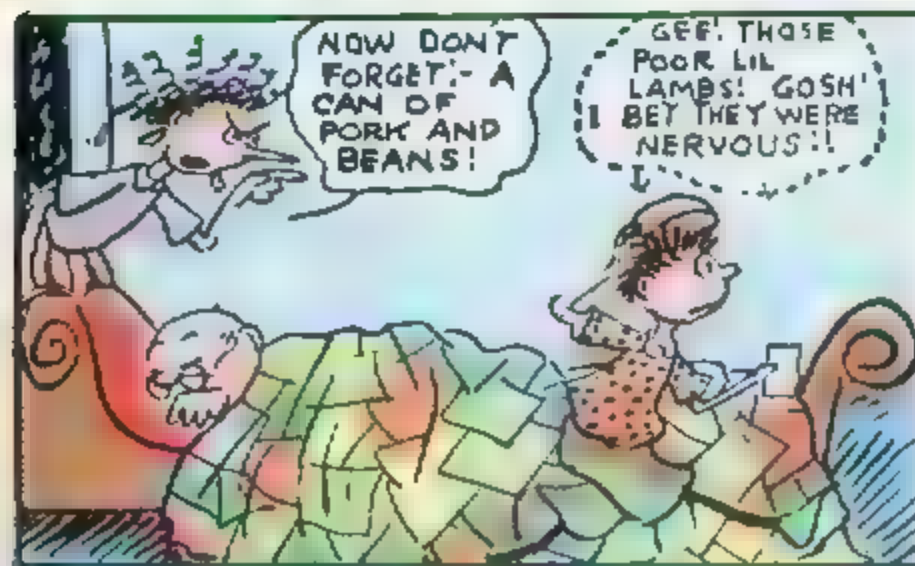
- THEY WOULD FALL BACK ON THE 7,003 SHEEP HUDDLED BELOW AND SIFT THROUGH THEIR WOOL WHERE THE MOTHS WERE FEASTING AND, IN NO TIME AT ALL, -



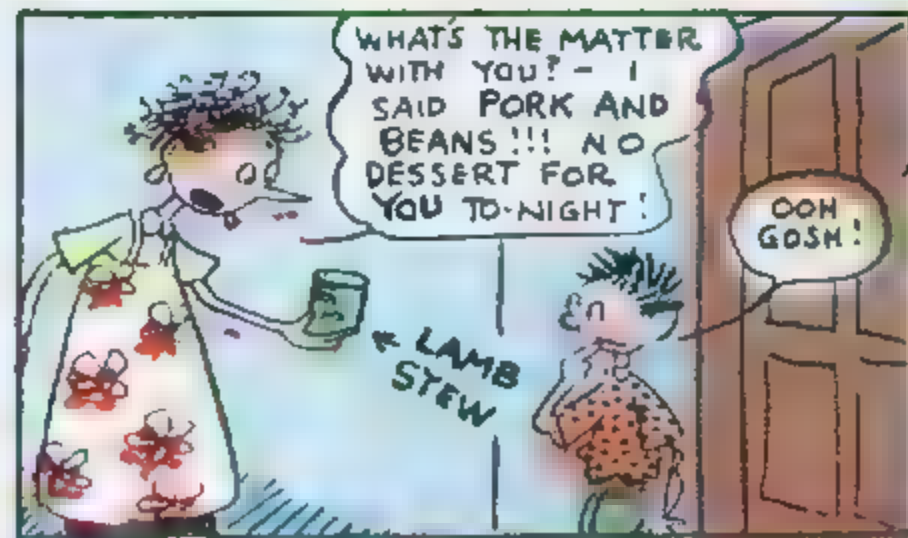
- THERE WOULDN'T BE A MOTH IN THAT PART OF THE WILD AND WOOLY WEST FOR YEARS TO COME



SORRY, BUT I NEVER DID FIND OUT JUST HOW MY GRANDPA GOT THAT WHIRLWIND DOWN INTO THE VOLCANO TO BLOW THE ASHES OUT BECAUSE JUST THEN AUNTIE MINERVA BUTTED IN AND -



- CHASED ME OFF TO THE GROCERY STORE ON AN IMPORTANT ERRAND, AND -



- I GOT IT ALL BAWLED UP ON ACCOUNT OF I HAD MY MIND ON WHAT A TOUGH SPOT THOSE POOR LAMBS WERE IN - BUT, ANYWAY, THANKS FOR LOOKING *your truly Lefty*

THE PAY-OFF

by Fred Whitby

"IT is certainly well-known all around this country," Big Willie said, impressively, "that I have a heart of gold."

One of his mob, seated with the rest in the council room, back of the Blue Heron, might have said, "And teeth to match," but this was no time for levity. Everyone wondered what would happen to the mob now that Big Willie had gotten that paper that said: "Greetings."

"Yes," Big Willie continued. "I am a big man and a charitable man. Haven't I given turkeys to the poor every year, and also backed a couple on Broadway? Haven't I always taken the widows and orphans on an annual picnic from the Third Ward? You don't have to answer that, boys, I know I have."

So the boys didn't say anything. They just sat there and looked at their Big Shot in admiration and then when he gave the word they went outside and had themselves a time in the Blue Heron. It was a time that lasted until morning—six-thirty in the morning to be exact. At that time they said good-luck to Big Willie in front of his draft board, and when Big Willie got in line with the rest, little Johnny Whisper, who had been turned down on his record said wistfully: "This is the only rap the Big Shot couldn't fix."

But that only showed how very little Johnny Whisper knew about his boss. Big Willie had tried plenty to fix it, but it had been no dice. And because the newspapers would be around and taking his picture and putting down his comments, Big Willie's legal staff had said. "You might as well make them think you like it, Big Willie. Go into it with a smile."

And because Big Willie was

plenty mad he did just that. He had the kind of a smile would put many a tooth paste out of business. This induction business, Big Willie had at last decided, was a necessary evil and the quicker he got it over with the better. There was always the chance, too, that the Army sawbones would find something wrong with him. But he couldn't be sure of that. At thirty-nine he was in a lot better shape than most guys his age.

"So let it come," Big Willie told himself, as he filed into the Grand Central Palace induction center, "the sooner it is over with the better." He elbowed his way past some frailer creatures who protested only mildly when Big Willie fixed them with his Big Shot stare. This little gesture, this trampling on the common herd, restored Big Willie's sense of power. Once again he was the Big Shot.

And it was as easy as all that, he thought, as he looked around him. They were herded into a big room, the lot of them. They were white, and yellow, and black and all ages, all sizes and shapes. Big Willie looked them over scornfully and said to himself: "I am Big Willie, and maybe these mugs will feel better when I set an example for them." Aloud he said:

"Hey, I got to get this thing over with, you guys." He had his order number in his hand, and he had his audience there, too, he told himself proudly. They were all looking at him, even the youthful private who had ushered the group into the room. Big Willie expanded, and the green silk of his expensive shorts shone. "I'm going right to the front of this line," he said. "And what is anybody going to do about it."

Do? Nobody, apparently, was going to do anything. And this made Big Willie very happy. To himself, he said: "They know who I am all right. I didn't need those photographers around the draft board to let them know." His eyes studied the sea of faces, and for a moment he was baffled. Were they paying attention to him or weren't they? Their minds seemed far away as though they had thoughts of their own and weren't even listening to him. If Big Willie had only known he would instantly have seen that that soft, quiet look on these faces wasn't one of fear. It was an expression of gratitude, a chance to pay a debt to someone very dear. Men and women, too, who have loved their country, always have that look on their faces when the chance comes to pay off. And this was the pay-off.

Big Willie sighed a sigh of contentment in the stilled room. And then he glared angrily at the private who interrupted his thoughts. For the private had said, softly but sternly: "Get those Beeveedees off, brother."

Big Willie glowered, and would have snapped back an answer. But he realized that he was the Big Shot, all these men were watching him. He didn't even get mad when the private said: "Maybe you better see the Sarge about getting on the head of the line. Here he is now."

He was red-faced and husky, this Sergeant, with bright blue eyes that looked unafraid into Big Willie's face. The Sarge said: "What's up?"

Big Willie smiled, and walked across the room. Through a crack in the shade, sunlight illuminated his tanned torso. He

took the Sergeant's arm and drew him off into a corner. "I'd like to talk to you, Son," he said. "Listen."

The Sergeant listened, and managed to hide the laughter in his blue eyes. This was really funny. He could visualise Big Willie a few months from now, a beautiful example of a yard bird. You don't bribe an old Army man. It just isn't done. There are regulations that have to be lived up to.

"But of course," the Sergeant said, "It's possible. . . ."

Big Willie said: "Don't you think anymore of it, Son. This is yours." And he slipped the century note into the Sergeant's hand.

The Sergeant shook his head. "Not mine, Big Shot," he said. "It's for Army Relief."

"So what do I care what it's for," said Big Willie, "as long as I get in there first."

The Sergeant raised his voice. "Well, I guess these men here won't mind. After all, everybody's going to get the same treatment." He walked over to the sheaf of papers, and a moment later Big Willie's record was on top of the pile. It was not necessary, the Sergeant thought, to explain to Big Willie that they weren't in numerical order anyway. Here, in the Induction Center, things moved like an automobile assembly line. You just stood at one end a civilian and a citizen and you came out the other end either paying off a debt, or having tried to pay off. In the long run, the Sergeant thought suddenly, there's no difference between a man who is accepted and one who is rejected. They both start out with the same idea, to die for their country, if that became necessary.

"And just because a guy is rejected," the Sergeant thought, "doesn't mean his Uncle Sam doesn't appreciate his trying to pay off."

Naturally, none of these

thoughts was communicated to Big Willie who, at the moment, was going through the first stage of his examination. This was his moment, and he was going to make the best of it. He could already visualise what the papers would say about it when word got around. That he was wise-cracking, and making them hurry up. Big Willie, they would say, fights to fight.

Well, that's what he wanted. He'd show 'em. Of course, this thing was a lot of bother, but he'd get out of it someday. After all, he had a mob to take care of. They were depending on him. There were plenty of cases of guys getting out of the Army once they got in. Suppose he dropped an axe on his toe, or something like that? Big Willie's eyes were thoughtful as he moved along.

"Hey, just a minute, buddy I'm first." He elbowed his way ahead of a small, slight, studious man who had been quickly interviewed by the psychiatrist. And the little man, who had fought his way out of Germany ten years earlier to reach America and a philosopher's chair, stepped out of the way. He didn't know Big Willie, but he did know there was no sense in rushing. He had volunteered and now was waiting for time alone to take him back to a soil he once had loved. Only this time he could fight and it would not be with words.

"C'mon, Doc," Big Willie's voice boomed in the large room. "Get finished with my ticker. It's sound as my watch. I got to get into the man's army."

The doctor frowned, passed him along.

There were two stamps alongside the man sitting at the desk. He looked at Big Willie's card, then reached for a mimeographed sheet of paper. The stamp left the word "ACCEPTED!"

"In there," the man said. "To be sworn in."

Big Willie grinned. "The first one," he said. "Don't forget to

tell the papers that, buddy." Once again he thought of the headlines this would make. He chafed with impatience as six other men joined him. An officer stepped before them. "You will raise your right hands and repeat after me. . . ."

And then it was over, the taking of the oath. He wasn't Big Willie any more. He was Private William Moore, of the Army of the United States!

And was he proud? Sure he was; he had put it over. Bluffed his way past the whole lot of these saps. There were still plenty of them outside and soon they'd be in. But he'd be out of this Army a lot quicker than anyone in this joint thought. He'd find a way, just as he had found this way of getting through first, letting them think he loved it. They'd have to get up early to fool a guy like the Big Shot.

He moved toward the door, then stopped. The loud speaker was operating, and an officer was suddenly stopping other draftees before they could be sworn in.

"Attention, please," the unseen voice on the speaker said. "This is important. This is important. All men over thirty-eight will please report immediately to Room Seven. They must not be sworn in!"

Big Willie's eyes blinked uncertainly. They fell on the Sergeant he had met earlier. There had been talk of deferring older men! He found voice. "Hey, what is this? I'm thirty-nine, and they swore me in." He rushed toward the door. The Sergeant's brawny arm blocked him.

"Take it easy, soldier," he said. "You're in the Army now." He grinned. "And these young fellers," he added, indicated the five young men, all certainly under thirty, who had been sworn in with Big Willie, "are your buddies. And get that dumb look off your face, soldier!"



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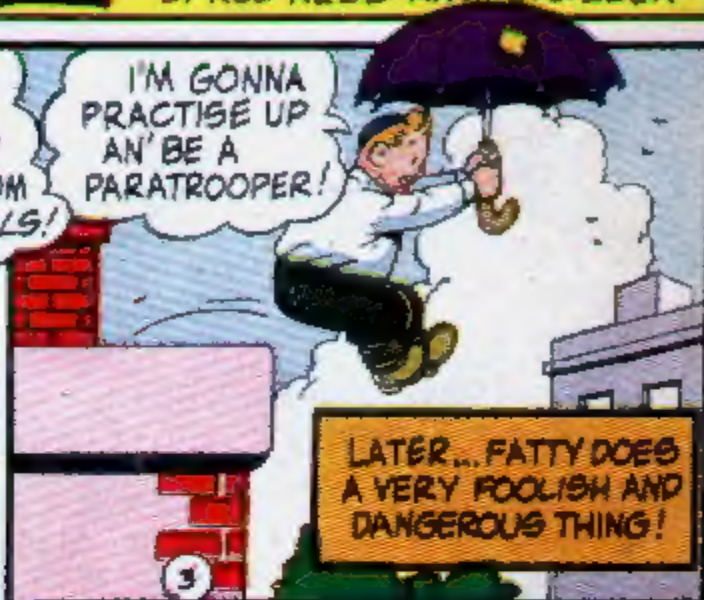
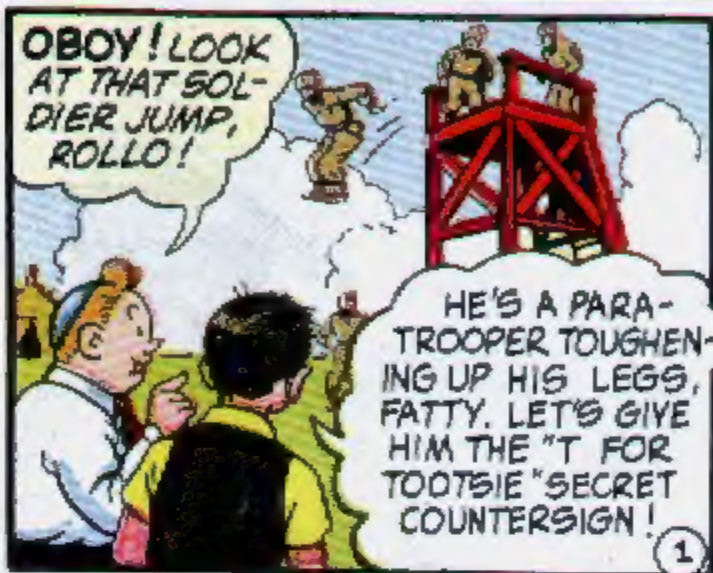
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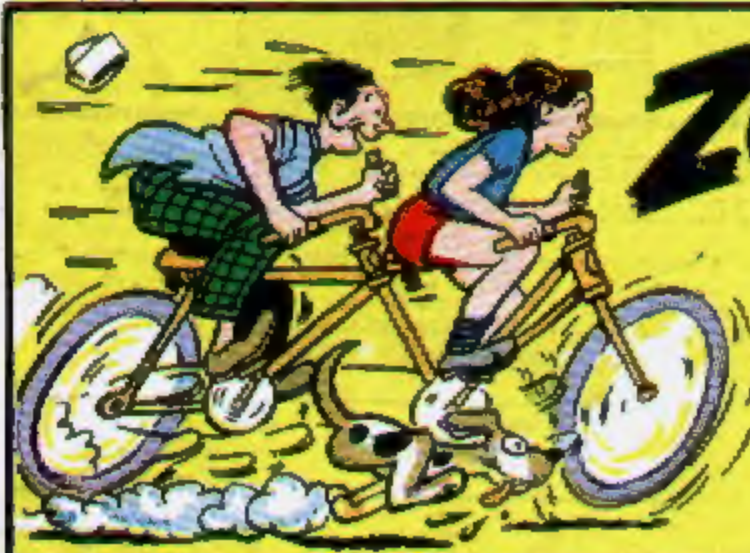
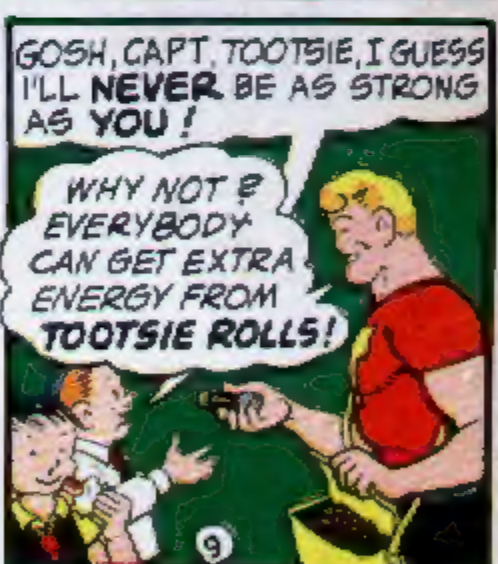
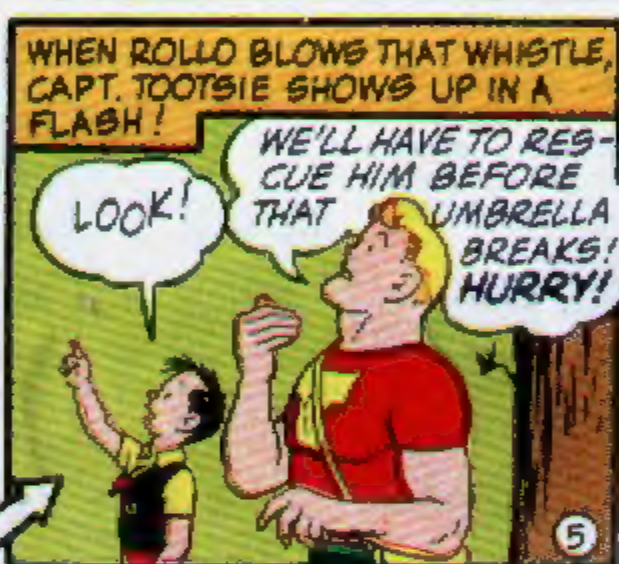
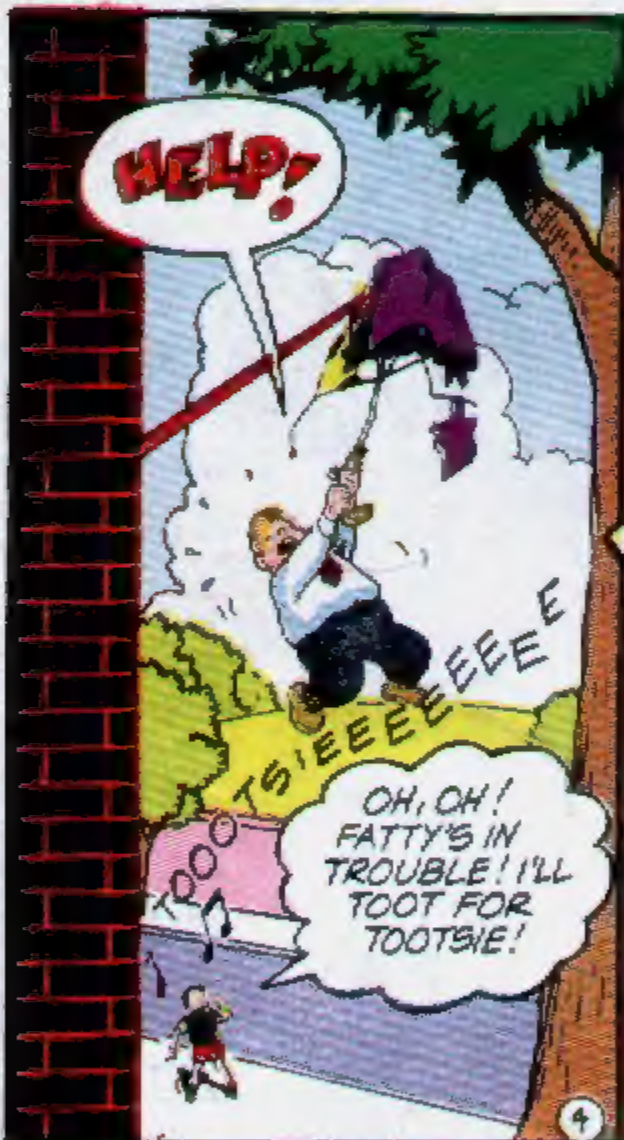


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BY ROD REED AND C. C. BECK



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